

Children's Newspaper, March 1, 1930

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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 571

Week Ending
MARCH 1, 1930

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere
One Penny

Every Thursday 2d.

TOO MUCH TALK & TOO LITTLE PITY

See
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Seven

RUSSIA BACK TO SERFDOM

TSAR STALIN'S WAY

Millions of Peasants to be
Evicted in Mid-Winter

A TYRANT AGAINST A HOST

It was a Tsar who saved the Russian peasants from serfdom. It is a Bolshevik who is driving them back.

A little more than two generations ago Tsar Alexander abolished serfdom: Tsar Stalin is now restoring it.

Under Tsar Alexander the peasants cultivated their own strips of communal land. When the last Tsar fell the peasants seized the lands of his nobles and divided it among themselves. That was the Great Revolution. Lenin and Trotsky, when they set up Communism in the towns, were powerless to overthrow it. When they told the peasants they were to grow corn for the State instead of selling it the peasants stopped growing corn and a terrible famine followed.

All to Work for the State

Today what Lenin dared not do Stalin is attempting. Farming is practically to be taken over by the State and done by machinery.

Soldiers and police, after a brief training in the use of mechanical tractors, are to spread themselves out over the land and teach the new art to the peasants, who will work for the State and no longer for themselves. Peasants owning less than three cows apiece are to pool their holdings and work under police guidance. Peasants owning three cows or more are to be treated as capitalist criminals and to suffer eviction in mid-winter, their land and goods being confiscated by the State and worked with the rest by tractors and police. Such is the latest phase of Bolshevik despotism.

One Man Against 120 Millions

Stalin, of course, is not really Tsar, not even President; he is simply the secretary of the Communist Party in Russia. But in that office he controls and directs the so-called Government of the Workers and Peasants. There are three million industrial workers in Russia, and there are 120 million peasants, forty times as many. For the moment the Government appears to have the support of the town workers—it is fine to feel yourself one of a governing class, however little actual control you may possess. But neither Stalin nor Lenin has ever really secured the support of the peasants for his Government of the Workers and Peasants. Now Stalin means to subdue those 120 million peasants. He is destroying their churches, suppressing their Bibles, murdering their bishops and priests, and he thinks he can destroy their farms and their little hold on life. He will see—and so shall we.

War on Faith, Hope, and Charity



The Russian Government, making war on all forms of Religion, is breaking up the churches, silencing their bells, and suppressing the Bible. A great wave of indignation and sorrow is passing over the world at the news of terrible outrages constantly taking place in what the Bolsheviks call their War Against God.

LIVERPOOL'S PLACE ON THE SEA

LIVERPOOL, the Venice of the North, celebrated her kinship with the sea, not as the Venetian Doges did, by casting a ring into it, but by gathering together seamen, shipowners, merchants, and a poet to do honour to both the living and the dead.

The living were honoured at a banquet at which the Lord Mayor of Liverpool presided and the changing hours were rung by ship bells, while sea shanties filled the intervals between the speeches.

The toast of the evening, "The sailors and ships of Liverpool," was proposed by Mr. John Masfield. The Archbishop of Liverpool seconded, and a bo'sun, a chief engineer, a shipmaster, and a shipowner spoke to it.

On the next day followed the honour to the dead, the unveiling by John Masfield of the memorial to the Mersey

men of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve—the "unreturning brave."

Last of all was the great service in Liverpool Cathedral, at which a vast congregation, including 1000 seamen and many others who owed kinship with the sea, assembled.

Processions representative of every civic and seafaring aspect of the port made their way from the Lady Chapel to the choir.

After prayers had been said John Masfield's poem on Liverpool was sung by the choir, ending with these words from Liverpool to her sailors: Farewell, and if it be you never come After long waiting, late, dismantled, tost, Again into this river of your home, But lie on the sad record of things lost; Farewell and blessing, for no holier guide Is here, than those who, in attempting, died.

NO MORE TOOTHACHE

UNLESS WE WANT IT

Good Teeth Guaranteed by
Proper Feeding

A LADY'S GREAT WORK

If the new generation is blessed with fine, sound, strong teeth thanks will be due to Mrs. Mellanby, wife of Professor Mellanby of Sheffield University. She has given eleven years to the study of the subject and has embodied the results of her work in three volumes.

In a word her results show that it is not so much the sugars and sweets we eat, it is our neglect of other foods that is responsible for the deplorable condition of too many modern mouths. We need not only lime and phosphorus, as we used to believe, but certain other elements. If we eat abundance of things containing Vitamin D, and keep the teeth clean, we may be assured of sound, healthy teeth.

What We Ought to Eat

Vitamin D is to be found in such things as the yolk of egg, fish fats, including cod liver oil, milk, butter, cheese, and animal fats. It is not rich in such staples as bread, rice, oatmeal, barley, sugar, fruits, jam, most vegetables, lean meat, white fish, and other common foods; but it can be introduced into these foods by their exposure to the ultra-violet rays. Also it can be made artificially in large quantities.

All this is very technical for the ordinary mind, but it will be taken up by people who understand and can advise, and the provision of a correct diet should be as simple in the future as the taking of open-air exercise is now. But the question may be asked, How is it that ancient men, who knew nothing of vitamins, had such fine teeth?

The answer has been furnished by research workers who were in the field earlier than Mrs. Mellanby. The ancients of our own and other nations had not fine teeth. Prehistoric skulls reveal teeth which were so worn down that the nerve pulps must have been exposed during life, with the result that toothache must have been a constant torture. Roots and fibres, nuts, tough foods of every kind in time of stress, wore the teeth to the sockets.

The Teeth of Our Ancestors

The truth appears to be that we have better teeth than our early ancestors had. The old skulls have their unmistakable tale to tell in signs which the scientist reads as easily as we read an alphabet. Nature did improve our teeth from age to age, and banished terrible suffering in the process; but a new diet, for which we can hardly have been intended, defeated her plans, and we are only now beginning to construe her message and lesson.

Posterity will live to bless the work of Mrs. Mellanby, for as a result of it both bad teeth and rickets may be avoided.

THE SUBMARINE

WHY NOT ABOLISH IT?

English-Speaking World
Willing to Do Without It

ITALY'S GREAT IDEA

The Naval Conference arrived at one of its decisive days when the British Admiralty proposed the abolition of the submarine.

The countries represented at the Conference have altogether 400 of these vessels, and if they would agree to abolish them the Conference could sit down immediately and effect an enormous economy.

They are dangerous, too, for in peace as in war disaster comes to them again and again. Since the Armistice there have been twelve submarine accidents, in which 570 men have met their death by being caught under conditions in which they have no more chance than a rat in a trap.

Interests of Humanity

Mr. Alexander, the First Lord of the Admiralty, felt that for the Conference to fail to abolish the submarine would be missing a great opportunity, and proposed the abolition on the following grounds:

In the interests of humanity.
Because the submarine is chiefly an offensive weapon.

To secure a substantial contribution to disarmament.

To afford the nations a very important financial relief.

To save our seamen from terrible conditions and undue risks.

The American delegate, Mr. Stimson, supported the British proposal. He pointed out that the cost of the submarine was, ton for ton, twice as much as the cost of the battleship, yet its life was only 13 years. For the Conference to sanction such an instrument of war, the abuse of which was responsible for bringing America into the Great War, would be a contradiction of the purpose of the Conference.

The Coasts of France

The French Government declared that it could not accept the abolition of the submarine, which it regarded as a defensive weapon, a warship like all others. If it were subject to abuse, so was every weapon of war: it all depended on the user. The territory of France faces three seas, and it has 18,000 miles of coasts and 34,000 miles of lines of communication: for the proper defence of these coasts and lines France needed the submarine.

But France was quite willing to co-operate in regulating the use of submarines in conformity with the rules laid down for surface ships.

It was then that the Italian delegate, Signor Grandi, made his notable suggestion. Italy realised the value of the arguments on both sides, he said, and was willing to support either the abolition or the regulation of the submarine. What they wanted was to do something effective in helping on disarmament, and what the Italian Government asked was:

Can we conciliate the claims of those who demand the abolition of the submarine with those who desire to retain it?

An Original Idea

The submarine, said Signor Grandi, was represented as the only weapon which could be used with some chance of success against battleships, and it was therefore felt to be a valuable weapon of smaller Powers. Was it possible to find a solution which would satisfy both parties?

Why not consider the abolition of the submarine and provide simultaneously for the abolition of the battleship?

It was the one original idea of the day, and when France adjourned to consider the matter closely it was felt that Italy had contributed a proposal of great importance. It remains to be seen what will happen.

BRIGHTER WALLS

We Do Things Better Now

MR. BALDWIN LOOKS BACK

When Mr. Baldwin unveiled some wall paintings at Morley College for Working Men and Women the other day he said how glad he was to know that artists were decorating certain schools in the county of Lanark which are being built for mentally defective children.

It was, he said, a beautiful idea that those children, who looked at life and saw it as through a glass darkly, should live during those impressionable years in surroundings of beauty.

In the eighteenth century mental defectives were chained up like mad dogs, given straw to lie on, and exhibited to anyone who cared to go to Bedlam and stare at them.

Beauty and Learning

Morley College was one of the nineteenth century's fine ideas, the twentieth century has implanted its own new idea, which is that beauty should go hand in hand with learning.

It is the college of the working man and woman, and perhaps because of that it was left rather bare.

That has been altered now. Thanks to the generosity of Sir Joseph Duveen the walls of both halls have been covered with paintings by three young twentieth-century artists, Mr. Cyril Mahoney, Mr. Edward Bawden, and Mr. Eric Ravilious. The Great Hall rejoices in figures of the Graces or the Muses, with scenes of country dances, outdoor games, and apple harvesting.

The Refectory is gay still with scenes from Shakespeare's plays, miracle plays, pantomimes, and old English drama.

FOUR GUIDES TO LIFE

Archbishop of York's Point of View

In words that were broadcast to listeners of goodwill the Archbishop of York strove the other day to tell what should be the principles to guide a Christian through life.

The first is that our own being (our mind, our thoughts) is a divine gift to be sacredly guarded as something which is God's own, and which carries with it the power and the will to do what is holy and righteous in His sight.

The second is that, though this gift makes us free men and women, it carries with it the obligation to remember that we do not stand alone in the world, but that our thoughts, speech, and action must be guided by what we owe to all others in the family of God.

The third, which follows from this, is that we serve God by serving our fellowmen, service to the brotherhood of man standing above all personal gain.

The fourth is that all power, the power of intellect, the power of energy, the force of character, are all secondary to the love of mankind; and love exerts its power through self-sacrifice.

That is the lesson of Christianity, and the way of progress comes, not through those who fight, but those who suffer.

LINCOLN STANDS IN LONDON'S CENTRAL ROAR

The Royal Exchange has been enriched by a bust of Abraham Lincoln, placed there by the Gresham Committee.

The bust, carved by Mr. Andrew O'Connor, the American sculptor, from a block of limestone quarried near Lincoln's birthplace, shows the great President as he was in his prime, "a picture of bodily and mental power, grappling easily with any task," as Lord Crewe said in unveiling it. Like Wellington, a strong man of another type, Abraham Lincoln now stands amid "streaming London's central roar" as well as in the peace of Westminster, and all good Englishmen are glad to have it so.

THE LAD WHO

WENT ON

A Hero of the Coal Mine A TALE TO TELL BY THE FIRE

The other day the Prime Minister unveiled a memorial to a miner.

Many distinguished people were present. They had come to honour the memory of Andrew Fisher, three times Prime Minister of Australia and afterwards High Commissioner.

Andrew Fisher began life as a poor lad working in the mines. He emigrated to Queensland and worked as a miner once more. From the depths of the mine he climbed to the highest office his country could offer him.

It was a splendid thing to have done, but we have heard of a miner who did something finer still.

The lad was well known to Canon Stuckey Coles. The canon was 84 when he died, and he was young when he knew the miner, but he never forgot that glorious boy.

The lad was the oldest of a large family, and when the father died he became breadwinner for them all.

The Doctor's Verdict

One day he fell ill. For a long time he tried to believe that the illness would go, but at last he was forced to see a doctor and ask for a bottle of medicine.

The doctor said no bottle of medicine would put him right. The work underground was injuring his health. He must give it up or, added the doctor, he would die in two years.

The lad said quietly that there was no other work he could get which would bring in enough money to keep his mother and his brothers and sisters.

"In two years time you will die," repeated the doctor.

The lad answered that in two years one of his brothers would be old enough to take his place.

For two years the sick lad struggled on, and the family was kept from want or charity. Then he could do no more, and lay down to die. There was no bitterness and no talk of regret for the sweets of life left untasted. The boy faced his death as bravely and cheerfully as Philip Sidney.

He laid down his life for others.

UP ABOVE PARK LANE

Three Men Within Inches of Death

The last ladder seemed to be two miles long.

It must have done, though it was a bare 40 feet, to the man who trod its rungs on his way down from the steel-work above Park Lane. He was carrying his brother on his shoulders.

The man was Fred Cunningham and his brother, with another man, Ernest Spooner, had been working on a steel girder 95 feet above the ground when a falling timber struck them and all but dashed them to death below.

As it was they rolled on to the outermost plank of a platform only 27 inches wide. They would have fallen over quite had it not been for the presence of another workman, John, brother of Ernest, who dashed forward and grabbed them from the very edge.

There the three were in a position of the most appalling peril; but John hung on till the foreman came to help him. Then Cunningham dashed up the ladder, and between the efforts of these three helpers the men were saved. Young Spooner had his arm broken, and Fred Cunningham's brother was unconscious.

That was why he had to be carried down. The whole episode was an astonishing example of the coolness and resource which are so characteristic of the British workman at his best.

SLAVE OR FREE?

The Poor Ceylon Girl

By Lady Simon

It having been declared that there is no sort of slavery in Ceylon, Lady Simon describes the system prevailing there in a letter to *The Times*, from which we take the following.

What is this system? It consists in acquiring, by payment of a small sum to a parent or to a former employer, or by other means, a child whose services the purchaser thenceforward entirely commands.

She (for it is often a girl) has no contract; she is paid no wages; she cannot give notice; if she tries to run away she is recaptured; for practical purposes she has no rights. Such a child lives in the establishment of the stranger who has acquired him or her, away from home or help or friends.

The *Times* of Ceylon has recently devoted more than one leading article to the subject, and has constantly contained reports of cases of dreadful ill-treatment to these unpaid "servants." It speaks of "the custom of buying or adopting children for domestic service," and says "in the majority of cases there is no physical cruelty, but the whole system is cruel, for the practice amounts to nothing less than slavery."

Surely this independent authority is right when it says that the tragedy is that for every case detected there must be dozens that do not come to light. It roundly declares that the present system must be abolished, for "it has been clearly demonstrated that children are treated as mere chattels by unscrupulous employers, and are bought and sold and sold over again."

1930

Extraordinarily Unlike 1860

By Augustine Birrell

Mr. Augustine Birrell, who is 80, has been looking back on his long life, and these are some of the things he says.

The people I live among in 1930 are most extraordinarily unlike my elders of the sixties and seventies.

Clothes, thoughts, beliefs, modes of speech, subjects of conversation, habits of life, daily customs, have undergone revolutions. The speeches, the sermons, the morning, evening, and weekly newspapers, the conversation as carried on in college rooms, in clubs, in pothouses, all are different.

Hardly one of the speeches I used to hear in the House of Commons twenty years before the war could be made today. As for the sermons, books, novels, and poems, I can assure you that in the sixties the courts would have been kept open all day trying cases of heresy, while the doors of Mudie's Library would have been closed on account of what, for politeness, I will call unsuitability.

I see signs in the heavens indicative of better things. We are all nowadays, even the very young, humbler than we ever were before. It is not now taken for granted that the average well-to-do Englishman is obviously the noblest work of God. The rich, as they are sometimes called, no longer recline on their money bags, like the old gods of Olympus, careless of mankind.

THINGS SAID

In these days of materialism we shall soon have no countryside left.

Lord Haddo

Our civilisation rests largely on a foundation of oil and grease.

Sir Edward John Russell

The only way World Peace can be brought about is through the Press.

Mr. Edward Price Bell

Nowadays if a man has any ability he can rise to almost anything.

Sir David Burnett

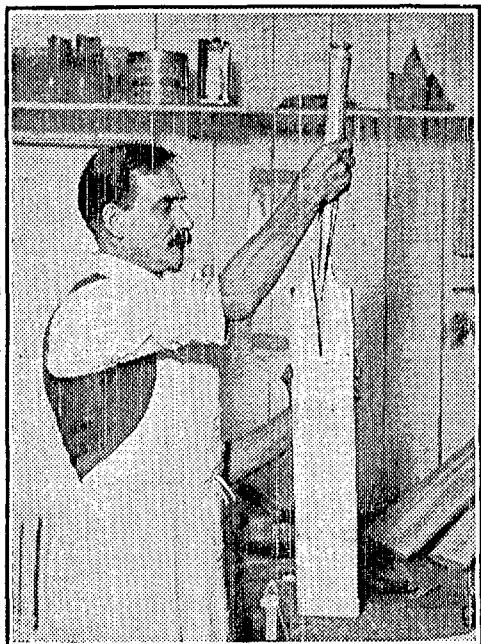
Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.
Jesus

March 1, 1930

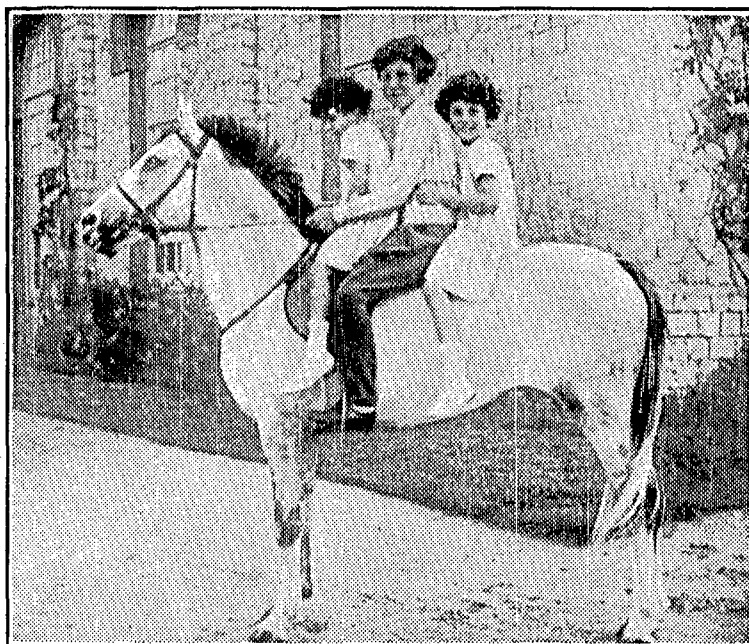
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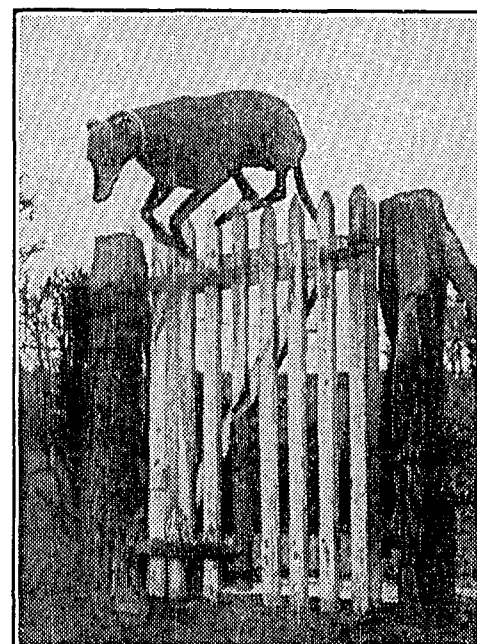
PREPARING FOR CRICKET · DRYING THE ZUYDER ZEE · LORRY'S BIG LOAD



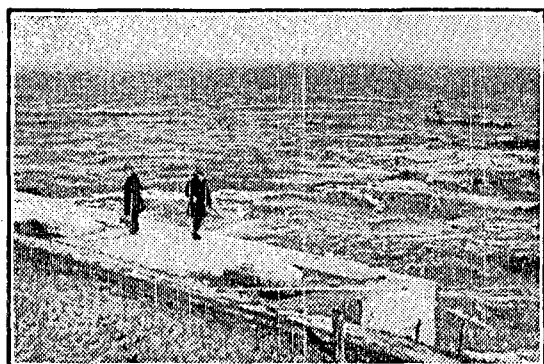
Preparing For Cricket—With the coming of longer and brighter days we are all looking forward again to the cricket season. Here is a stage in bat-making.



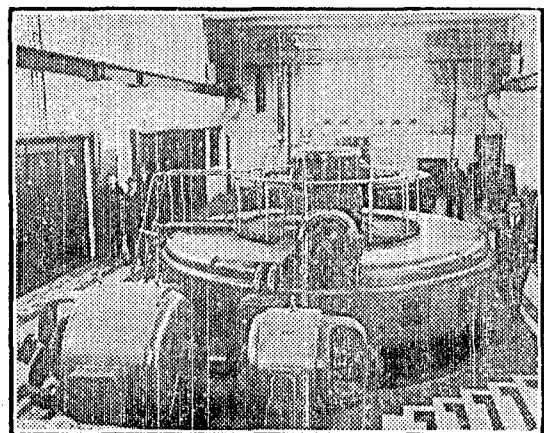
Royal Riders—Prince Faruk, son of King Fuad and Crown Prince of Egypt, who has just celebrated his tenth birthday, is here seen giving his two sisters a ride on his horse. This photograph was taken by the Queen of Egypt.



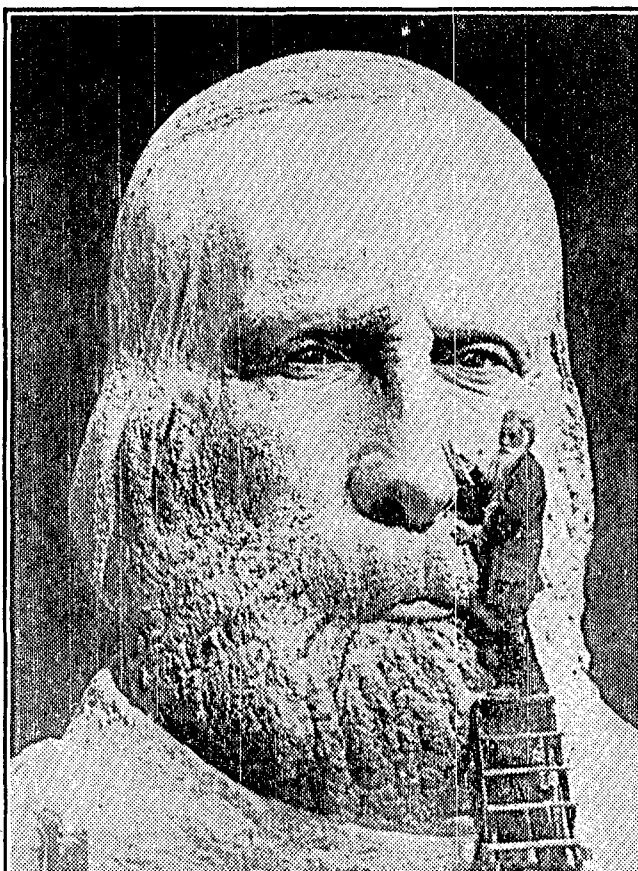
Coming Home—This greyhound scorns the usual manner of entering his master's garden; he loves to take a flying leap over the gate.



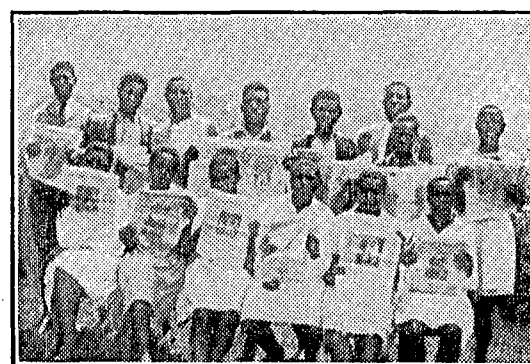
From One Sea to Another—This is the point where the water of the Zuyder Zee is being pumped into the North Sea. 50,000 acres are being drained as a beginning.



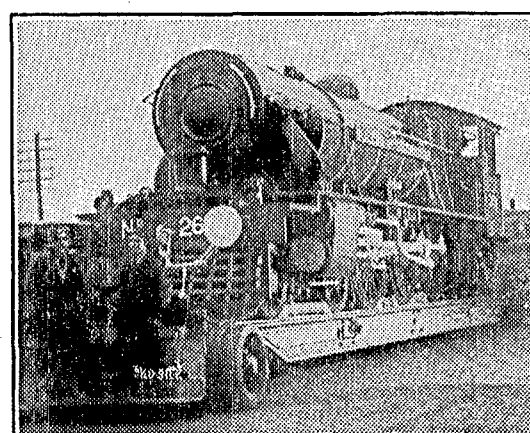
Reclaiming Land in Holland—Here is one of the two pumping stations that have begun the gigantic task of reclaiming land from the Zuyder Zee. This part of the scheme is expected to take eight months.



Champion of Liberty—A huge bust of Garibaldi, the Italian hero, has been made in Rome. The sculptor, Professor Lapina, is here seen putting the finishing touches to his work.



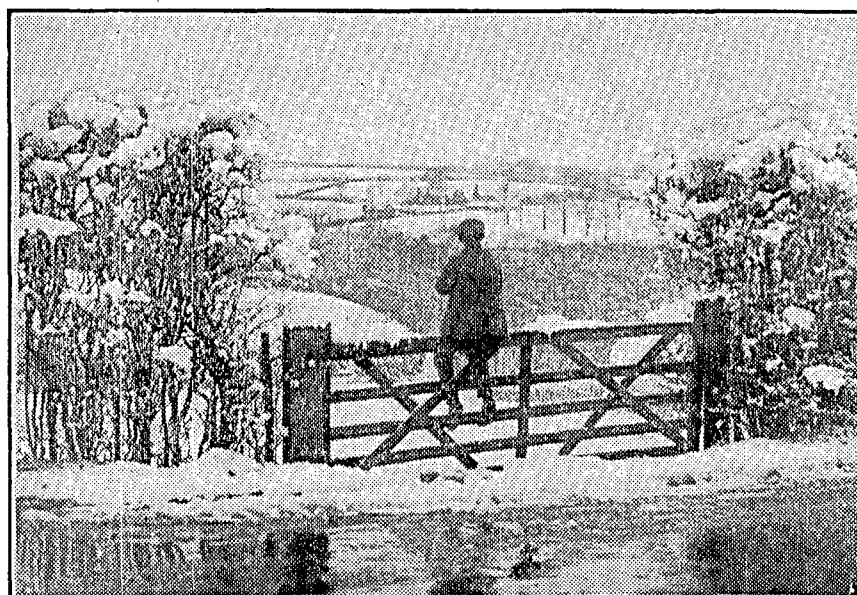
The C.N. in Africa—There is hardly a country to which the C.N. does not go. These African readers of the C.N. are boys and girls who attend the Umfazi School in Natal.



Lorry's Remarkable Load—This picture shows one of the heaviest loads ever carried by a lorry. A complete locomotive was transported by road from Earlstown in Lancashire to Liverpool Docks.



Children of the Snow—A ski race for boys and girls was held recently at Obersdorf in Bavaria. Here we see some of the competitors waxing their skis before the start.



The White Mantle—A heavy fall of snow will transform the appearance of the countryside in a few hours. This photograph shows how a Sussex landscape appeared recently.

A MAN OF IDEAS ACROSS THE WORLD

THOMAS MORT AND HIS WORK

What He Did to Feed Millions of People

FROZEN MEAT TRADE

When the British Frozen Meat trade celebrated the jubilee of the arrival of the first shipment of frozen mutton and beef from Australia on February 6, 1880, it did more than keep the jubilee of refrigerator ships.

It was celebrating the great advance in supplying cheap meat to the poorer classes. In the year 1850, thirty years before the first frozen meat cargo came, the annual consumption of meat in Great Britain was one pound per head. It is now 50 pounds per head.

For the greatest impetus to this overseas supply the thanks of the world are due to Thomas Mort, a Lancashire man who set up in Australia the first freezing works in the world. After his frozen meat was proved to be all that he claimed for it the Strathleven sailed with the first cargo to London—and now 100,000 tons arrive every year.

Birth of the Great Idea

If Thomas Mort had not given the world frozen meat he would have given it something else. He went out from a Manchester firm to Sydney as a clerk and salesman. But he soon saw possibilities beyond that.

He became a promoter of the Australasian Steam Navigation Company; and when the firm with which he was connected failed in the great crash of 1843 he started again in business, by himself, as an auctioneer.

That led him on to the wool sales of the Australian sheep farms. While he was making a fortune out of that he was seized with the idea that the sheep of Australia should be worth something besides their wool, if he could only find a market for their mutton. The only market big enough was overseas. The only way to reach it was by freezing the meat. Thenceforth his freezing experiments never ceased till they—and the mutton—were marketable.

First Freezing Establishment

In the intervening years he helped to promote the first line of railway in New South Wales between Sydney and Parramatta. The gold rush reached Thomas Mort, but it never swept him off his feet, and he turned instead to the development of New South Wales dairy farms. Mort's farms spread over 38,000 acres.

His busy brain turned in the sixties to making the great dock at Port Jackson, and he was nearing sixty before he set up his first great freezing establishment at Lithgow and chartered the first steamer to take the meat to England.

It would be pleasant to recall that he saw the triumph of his great scheme. But the first experiment failed, and it was not till two years after his death that the dream came true.

A Famous Dartford Firm

But Australia honoured him in life and in death, declaring that he was the greatest benefactor the Australian working man had ever had: and Sydney raised to him the first statue with which an Australian citizen was honoured.

His was an outstanding example of British energy, which, fertilising the old enterprises, is ever ready to direct itself into new ones. The food supply of the world was, and is, a British enterprise; and we may note with some satisfaction in these days that the oldest engineering firm in England, the famous Halls of Dartford, whose workmen saved Richard Trevithick, their fellow and comrade, from a pauper's grave, turns out today more than half the entire refrigerating machinery of the world.

C. L. N. BANDING TOGETHER AGAINST WAR

A Very Queer Story From the Far East

1000 CHILDREN WANTED

A good flow of members from South Africa brings the number this week up to 12,600.

The youngest recruit to join is Chan Ying Toon, who lives in Malacca, in the Federated Malay States. At present he does not know that he is a member, as he was only nine weeks old when his father applied on his behalf.

All in the C.L.N.

I cannot hear what people say
In houses fifty yards away,
Yet sitting in my English home
I hear a woman sing in Rome;
Or speeches from a hall that stands
In Holland's silver-threaded lands;
Or flute and horn and violin
That men are playing in Berlin.

Since all the world is small today
And no one lives too far away,
My neighbours need not only be
The folk who live next door to me;
But those who live at Earth's far ends
Shall be my neighbours and my friends.

A Story From the Jungle

A story half comic and half sad comes from a jungle near Calcutta, which is well worth studying by members of the C.L.N.

Dacoits (the Indian name for bandits) were reported to be lurking in a part of the jungle, and the police at a certain outpost made secret plans to capture them. One night the police set forth and stole toward the bandits' lair.

Presently they saw a group of men creeping through the shadows. The two parties rushed together and a terrific fight ensued. It was some time before the combatants made the discovery that they were all policemen! It seems that the police from another outpost had also set out in secret to capture the bandits, and the two parties had mistaken each other.

They felt very foolish and sore that night, but still worse the next morning, when they heard that a fisherman's house had been looted while they were battering each other.

When Daylight Comes

It is what happens in war time. While civilised people are battering each other in the darkness Evil can do as it likes. When the daylight comes, and we can see the people we were fighting, we say: What fools we were to fight! We ought to have made one big party to round up Evil and his gang. But now there are thousands dead and dying because we met in the dark.

The darkness is ignorance. The Children's League of Nations is trying to clear that ignorance away by making friends of all the children of the world. When the nations know each other better they will not blunder into war.

Then Evil and his gang will be rounded up at last. There will be no more slavery, no more babies working in Eastern carpet factories, no more women allowed to die for want of a doctor, no more vile slums.

Who will be the next to join the C.L.N.'s great family and help to drive cruelty off the Earth? One thousand more, please, this week!

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:

Children's League of Nations,
15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.

No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence for the Card and Badge (stamps at home, international coupons abroad). Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

THE NATION WITHOUT THE DRINK TRAFFIC

WHAT SIR JOSIAH STAMP SAYS

New Asset for the Nation of a Thousand Million Pounds

A NATIONAL SLOGAN

One of the most interesting witnesses to appear before the Licensing Commission sitting at Westminster was Sir Josiah Stamp, the famous president of the L.M.S. Railway and one of the foremost economic authorities in the world.

A very wrong impression of his evidence has been given in the daily newspapers, and C.N. readers will wish to have a more adequate statement from so important a witness.

It is probable, said Sir Josiah Stamp, that £100,000 spent in producing Drink employs within 12 per cent of the employment it would create in any other industry, but if one took the question of demand into account the demand created for other things by the disappearance of alcohol would be cumulative. In the case of £100 spent on alcohol, if there were no alcohol some part of that £100 would be spent on other things and a proportion would go into capital. We are suffering from capital hunger today, and any capital gained would be important. Sir Josiah quoted the result of tests which suggested that the reduction in efficiency produced by alcohol is something like 10 per cent.

Where the Money Would Go

The question of the lowering of production, however, is only half the case, Sir Josiah Stamp said, for if alcohol is not drunk the money spent on it would be spent in other ways. In America the money formerly spent on Drink is now spent on milk and other things, and wives handle a much larger proportion of the wages than they used to handle. Sir Josiah thinks that in this country the money would be transferred from Drink to the following things, in something like this order:

1. Other beverages for grown-ups.
2. Better food for children.
3. Clothing and home improvements.
4. House purchasing.
5. Additional saving.

If we were to lose our State revenue from Drink by a gradual process, say after a period of ten years, there would be no serious monetary problem; Sir Josiah Stamp "would laugh at it." He agreed with Mr. Gerald France that the increased output in this country without the alcohol habit would amount to 225 millions a year, and that if half the net alcohol expenditure were transferred to other commodities in a single generation the nation would gain a new asset of a thousand million pounds.

Less Beer and More Milk

These questions and answers then took place between a member of the Commission and the witness:

MR. CARTER: The liquor trade lavishly advertises its various beverages. What would you say would be the value of "Less Beer, More Milk" as a national slogan?

SIR JOSIAH STAMP: I should say: Drink less beer yourself; give more milk to your children.

MR. CARTER: What would be your judgment as to the national value of things as they are? Do they represent a good bargain for the nation?

SIR JOSIAH STAMP: No; a very bad bargain. The expenditure on alcohol is very bad expenditure. In the moral field my personal feeling is that moral forces would have a much greater chance with a more moderate consumption of alcohol, and that under those changed conditions all sorts of other good social influences would have a chance to grow. I am sure of that.

ALL IN A VOLUME BOUNDLESS KNOWLEDGE IN BRIEFEST SPACE

The Handy Encyclopedia at a Penny a Day

CONCISE UNIVERSAL

Never was so much knowledge in the world; never so little time to pick it up.

What is wanted more than anything in these days is the coming true of one of our old dreams, all knowledge in one volume.

The world needs everything at its elbow. It cannot search through libraries. It cannot be bothered with indexes with hundreds of thousands of entries. It cannot delve into long articles for plain facts.

The Hour and the Man

And so the need of the hour has met the man who can meet it; there is now available on all the bookstalls at last, for a mere penny a working day, an encyclopedia in one volume. No longer can we say we cannot find time to study encyclopedias. Here we have things crammed into even tiny compass; we have boundless knowledge in the briefest possible space.

This latest encyclopedia of general knowledge is the Concise Universal Encyclopedia, edited by our friend Mr. J. A. Hammerton, one of the producers of the Children's Encyclopedia and Editor of the famous Universal Encyclopedia, the best modern work of the kind in existence. Mr. Hammerton has produced many excellent works of reference, but he has never crammed into such small compass so much knowledge as in this One Volume.

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The Concise Universal is an exhaustive work of reference which should be in every home as well as in every office and workshop. It is absolutely up-to-date, is arranged alphabetically for easy reference, and is profusely illustrated with portraits, pictures, diagrams, and maps. There are 20,000 articles, answering about 200,000 questions on every subject under the Sun, yet all this is packed into a single volume.

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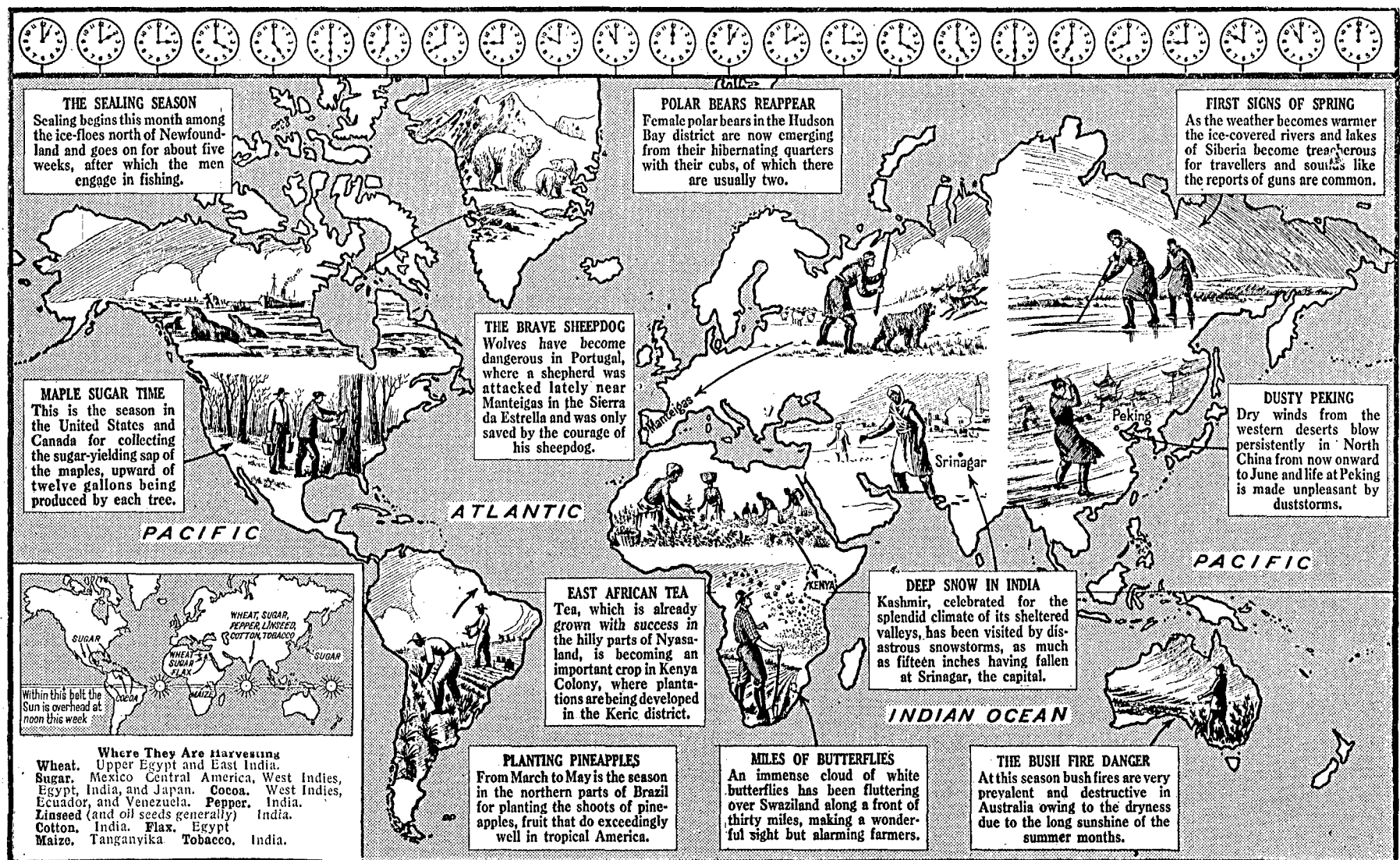
But there is something else very new about this encyclopedia. One disadvantage of part publications has always been that the parts must be kept loose until each volume is completed, but this difficulty has been overcome in a very ingenious way in the case of the Concise Universal.

A Living Book at Once

An entirely new binding system has been devised by which every subscriber can bind the parts as they come out. A self-binder is being supplied into which each weekly part can be placed in position as it comes out, and the method of binding is so simple that a child can do it. This self-binder is not a mere case in which to keep the parts; it is a real cover in which the parts are permanently bound. The binder is supplied at half-price to subscribers of the work and can be ordered with the first part anywhere. This novel idea makes the Concise Universal a real book from the beginning.

Here is a work which no father or mother or boy or girl who wishes to be up-to-date in knowledge can afford to be without. Each part costs only sixpence, and after the initial cost of the self-binder there is no more expense with covers. Of course those who prefer to save their parts and to bind them in the ordinary way can do so, but the self-binder is a very big idea. It makes the work a living book at once.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



CHRONICLER OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE

The Great Genius of Charles Dickens

By Mr. Baldwin

This tribute to Dickens is worth reading more than once. It is from Mr. Baldwin, speaking at a dinner to celebrate the 118th birthday of Dickens in the presence of the novelist's son.

It is difficult to visualise what the England of the thirties and forties was. Towns were built with the utmost disregard of everything except the advantage of the builder. In one place a whole street was built along the course of a ditch because in that way deeper cellars could be secured without the cost of digging, and those cellars were not for goods but for human beings. Not one soul in that street escaped cholera when that epidemic came.

It was an age in which everybody walked about in a twilight compared with this age of electric light. He could not recall anywhere in Dickens a brilliantly-lighted interior. It was an atmosphere in which plots, conspiracies, and dark deeds and poverty would have a natural setting. We could not realise the sanitary distance we were from those days—the reeking typhus and cholera, drainless, bad water-drinking, the graveyard atmosphere of that generation.

Into that was projected by the will of Heaven a genius, one of the greatest creative geniuses of all time. He was, when he started, a divine reporter with a loaded camera and with his eye on the object.

What more natural than that Dickens was the chronicler of the people of England? Where he stood out as a new force was in this—that no one had ever before him handled the people; no one had ever written about the poor before him except as a quarry for extracting criminals, comic or otherwise, or humorous characters, but never human beings.

A CHAMPION OF EUROPE

Not at the Bird Show

Some canaries have lately travelled through the air, though not in their customary way.

Brought over from Antwerp in an attaché-case fitted with five cages, the five canaries came to England by aeroplane for the National Show of Cage Birds at the Crystal Palace. The little birds, one of which is described as "the champion singer of Europe," had come to take part in a singing contest in which 200 rollers were to compete.

The show is the biggest of its kind in the world, with a record entry of 4194, and the 4600 birds on view were valued at £175,000.

We here give four lines on another bird, who was not there. He is not the champion singer of Europe, but he is one of Europe's champions, nevertheless.

*He does not know his moneyed worth,
No more, for that, do I;
But he's the happiest bird on Earth,
For he can sing—AND FLY!*

THE SONG OF THE 7000

Grateful for Small Mercies

One note of rejoicing was heard when the hold of the docked German liner, sunk in New York Harbour, was searched after a fire. It was sung by the birds.

There, in the water-logged darkness, a cargo of caged finches, canaries, and nightingales was still alive. They had survived fire, water, and the fumes of the burning ship, and when the whole 7000 of them were brought, cage by cage, to the light of day again, they burst into singing—and no wonder.

They were grateful for small mercies, for the great mercy of life and light, though the mercy of liberty was still unhappily denied them.

The firemen who brought them up were delighted, as well they might be, but our own rejoicing would be greater if we could have been told that the captives were then set free.

A BIT OF OLD CHELSEA

What Happened in the Auction Room

A very pretty piece of Old Chelsea china it was that the lady in Lincolnshire owned.

It was one of those graceful little groups in which a lover and his lass are seated in an arbour of flowers—called a boscage—and the lover is teaching the lady to play a shepherd's pipe.

All the neighbours used to admire the group, and said that its owner might get as much as £50 for it if she sold it; perhaps even £60.

As she very much wanted to buy a second-hand car she at last resolved to sell the heirloom and spend the money on locomotion. So she sent the Chelsea group up to polite Mr. Hurcomb in Piccadilly, where it sold in his auction rooms for £3250.

She had expected a Ford; Mr. Hurcomb gave her the price of a Rolls.

We see that Mr. Hurcomb has been wondering where the fellow of this piece can be, for they were usually made in pairs. We find it in full colour in *I See All*, as one of the gems of South Kensington.

A MILLION WHISTLES

An old man of Birmingham has just died whose memory will be called to mind every time a policeman blows his whistle.

Mr. Joseph Hudson invented the Metropolitan Police whistle in 1884, before which time the police used to employ rattles with which to call assistance.

Shortly afterwards he secured his first contract for 21,000 whistles, and the firm bearing his name now turns out a million whistles every year.

When Stanley, the famous explorer, went to find Livingstone he took with him one of Hudson's first whistles. Although it scarcely seems possible, there are 600 patterns of whistles.

OUT FROM THE PAST

An Immortal Royal Barber

A MIGHTY TOMB IN THE SANDS OF OLD EGYPT

Out from the sands of Old Egypt, where the Sphinx gazes with its eternal question into the distance, a great tomb is emerging. In some respects it is the greatest wonder of all the wonders of that storied land.

The tomb, which has been discovered by excavators working under the direction of the Egyptian University, covers an area greater than that of any other tomb yet found in the land of the Pharaohs. From that estimate we must except the great Pyramid of Cheops, which, although a sepulchre, was almost a city of stone.

The newly-discovered tomb is that of a mysterious person named Ra Ouer, who combined priestly offices with those of a Court functionary. He is described in the first place as High Priest of Nekheb, a goddess of Upper and Lower Egypt. He was, moreover, in respect of earthly things, "Major-domo of the Palace, Master of the Royal Wardrobe, King's Barber, Prince of the Pots, and Master of Ceremonies."

We know not whom he served; the remains of his royal master with his name and fame are one with the blown sands of the desert; but Ra Ouer, revealed after scores of centuries in his last earthly dwelling, suddenly finds immortality.

The sepulchre seems to have been not only a resting-place for the dead but a buried hall of statuary. Forty-five statues were there, some as perfect as on the day they were carved. One is unique—three portrait statues of the same person carved from one block of stone. We might almost see here a foreshadowing of the marvellous Laocoon group, but the Laocoon is a thing apart, sufficient of itself to make Greek sculpture for ever memorable.

Ra Ouer's tomb has still to tell its story.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MARCH 1

1930

Drown Them Both

Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her,
split her in twain! *Tennyson's Revenge*
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done. *Shakespeare's King John*

At one end of the navies which every nation would reduce if it were not afraid of the others is the battleship; at the other end is the submarine. When the nations agree to sink both the peace of the world will be in sight.

This idea springs from an observation made by Signor Grandi, who was sent by Signor Mussolini to represent Italy at the Naval Conference. Mussolini's man is the surprise of the conference and may be its hope. We should like it to be so.

What Signor Grandi said, in effect, was that, as France will not abolish submarines because they are the defence against the battleship, the logical action would be to abolish both. Italy, the Italian naval delegate hints, is willing, and that should surprise no one, because Italy, like every other of the Naval Powers, feels the appalling burden of the cost of naval armaments.

It is, we think, foolish to pretend, when speaking of battleships or submarines, that one is kinder than the other. All war is beastly, and all its weapons are beastly. The battleship of 35,000 tons with guns that can destroy a fortress has claims to be a defender, because, while defending her country from invading fleets, she defends the cruisers, light cruisers, destroyers, and submarines—which are her satellites as planets, moons, and planetoids are satellites to the Sun. But she is built to destroy.

So is the submarine. The submarine in the war may have frightened away a few battleships, but that was because she was a frightful weapon of destruction. The submarine's record of frightfulness proves it. The more submarines there are the greater the prospect of frightfulness.

The only safe way to prevent its renewal is to remove the causes of it at both ends—the battleship and the submarine.

When statesmen so different in outlook and temper as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Signor Mussolini want the same thing we are getting on. Let not this Naval Conference, with all its vast opportunity, pass away with trivial whittlings down. Let us have a great original thing done, not a mere makeshift "according to plan." The issue has been placed clearly before the world by Italy, and we thank Signor Mussolini for it.

*For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.*



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Mr. Baldwin Consoles Himself

MR. BALDWIN has been saying that it is comforting for the politician to know that nothing could be said in Parliament today which was not said 2000 years ago by the Greeks, or possibly 5000 years before that in some city of which the very name has vanished.

Peter Puck, however, wishes to call attention to the fact that, whatever ideas our politicians may or may not have, not even Socrates or Plato could possibly have thought out all the things he wants to know.

The Stolen Baby

IN the dark hours of the night a London policeman heard a baby crying in a yard. It was two o'clock, and snow was falling.

The good policeman carried the waif, a child five months old, to the police station, where it was claimed by the mother. Two people have been charged with stealing the baby and then abandoning it.

On a bitter winter's night this baby had been left outside a public house. It seems that there are some people who love beer more than babies. Birds and animals sacrifice themselves for their children, yet this is how some humans behave.

What is it that makes people so stupid or so cruel? One of the answers to this question seems to be: public houses. Perhaps that is why our children across the Atlantic, in Canada and in the United States, have shut up all these places.

The Marbles and the Quilt

WE hear of a public man, who has been Lord Mayor of one of our cities, whose greatest treasure is a few marbles that he has had mounted in silver. They were a poor boy's gift to him—the sacraments of a boy's loving gratitude, and as such he counts them beyond price. No money would induce him to part with them.

The Widow in the Temple had only two mites, yet it was a great gift she gave, which the world will never forget.

The Lord Mayor's marbles remind us of Lord Shaftesbury's patchwork quilt. Lord Shaftesbury was the friend of all neglected boys and girls in the days when little children were slaves in mills and mines. In London alone there were 30,000 ragged street arabs, sleeping out at nights in alleys and under arches. Lord Shaftesbury befriended them all, and some of them who were very poor, wanting to show their gratitude to him, but unable to give anything splendid, worked for him a patchwork quilt of odds and ends of coloured fabrics. Lord Shaftesbury used it for years, and found more joy in it than in any of the lovely quilts he had at home.

A Story for Grouzers

HERE is a story for those over-critical spirits who pick every-one to pieces.

It is of some carping critic who complained that Joachim was fiddling out of tune; he was close on 65 and was growing deaf. Up rose the second violin of the Dresden Opera Orchestra and rebuked the critic thus:

When you are in a mighty cathedral do you look for cobwebs away up in the roof?

Le Mot Juste

SHUFFLE SHOON and Amber Locks were playing together, reminding us of the poem by Eugene Field.

She is nearly eighty and he is nearly four. She pushed his toy motor-car along the floor and said "Gee up!"

No, said he; No. He might have added "What an anachronism!" but he explained gently "Not gee up; Moty-car: Pip, pip!"

Our French friends would applaud this early passion for *le mot juste*.

Tip-Cat

IT seems that we are not entirely a warlike nation. Only about 15s. in the £ goes for that purpose.

CHANGE is good for everyone. No matter how small it is.

AN artist says that homes should reflect this age. Unfortunately our mirrors already do so.

SOME politicians are charged with selling jobs on the Chicago police force. Which proves once more that America has the world's finest salesmen.



What the man who saved the situation did with it

HATS show a tendency to get larger. Heads must be swelling.

A REVIEWER thinks one of the latest

novels as good as a dose of medicine. Some of them taste like it.

THERE are people who always seem to act foolishly. Others who seem wise are only acting.

It is stated that no two people think alike. It takes at least three to do that.

THERE were very few advertisements seventy years ago. Now everybody advertises something, if it is only himself.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

IN memory of "Woodbine Willie" a fund of £500 a year and a house have been raised for his widow.

A WORKMAN in the Houses of Parliament has been employed there 63 years.

To a Wild Squirrel

This charmingly sympathetic address to a squirrel was written by a Highgate lady, Miss Jessie Wynter, who makes squirrel-friendships in a wooded garden.

A TIMID, shrinking little frame,
And shy were you when first
you came,

Yet gradually learnt your name,
And soon firm friends we grew.
A tiny squirrel, trembling, dear,
A bunch of bundled fur and fear,
My dainty chum, who daily near
Came, leaping into view.

You fed, grown braver, from my
hand,
Looked in my eyes to understand,
Then, startled by a bark, you
scanned

For enemies the ground.
Close came you, then away you
sped,
So trustful grew, yet oft in dread,
True elf of speed and space you
fled

When perils lurked around.

EACH impulse happiness ex-
pressed,
Your clinging paws, your snow-
white breast,
Your nuzzling nose, my dove-
grey guest,
Your dark eyes' dumb salute.
Your tail a flail of airy grace,
A plume of shimmering pearly
lace,

Transparent, silvery, and, in space,
Your guiding parachute.

You fairy of the swaying trees,
A living sunbeam, born to
please,
You passed as lightly as the
breeze,

Wee sprite of charm and cheer!
Oh, fragile child of dawn and day,
Of straying sunshine and of play,
Of courage, buoyancy, dismay,
Of frailty and of fear!

AND hardly had you gone,
amazed—

I found you, ah! so still, all glazed
And blind, the eyes in mine that
gazed

But one short hour ago.
When sparrows fall there's One
who knows,

Who brought me near your eyes
to close,

To smooth you for your last
repose,
And sadly lay you low.

YOUR life was brief as is a
flower's,
Sunny and few your happy
hours;

Why should such bounding vital
powers

An enemy destroy?
Yet lives the happiness you gave,
The trust you taught, and did
engrave

On those who loved your sweet-
ness brave,
Your gladness and your joy.

Come Cloud or Sun

He sendeth sun, He sendeth shower,
Alike they're needful to the flower,
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment:
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done

Sarah Flower Adams

March 1, 1930

CRUELTY TO GO ON KINDNESS STOPPED BY TALKING

Fate of the Humane Killer in
the House of Commons

A DISAPPOINTMENT FOR THE COUNTRY

The movement for the compulsory adoption of the Humane Killer has received an unhappy set-back through needless talking in the House of Commons, and thousands of animals must die painful deaths before another chance can come to save them.

Good men are still struggling to pass a law that all animals killed for food in England shall be killed painlessly. Many are so killed, but not all, and there is a handful of men who are apparently determined to prevent the completion of this merciful law-making.

Friday Afternoon

In England at present it is necessary for a local authority to pass a resolution before the butchers within its area can be required to use the Humane Killer. Some 349 local authorities have done this, but *four times as many have not*. In Scotland the law was made general *except in regard to pigs*.

Colonel T. C. R. Moore, M.P., secured a place for the discussion of such a Bill in the House of Commons on a recent Friday afternoon (Private Member's day). Friday afternoon sittings are five hours long, and a Bill to enable local authorities to run their buses into neighbouring districts had first place. Thus the chances of Colonel Moore's Bill depended on the debate on the Omnibus Bill being cut short. As 450 members, representing 25 million people, had promised to vote for the Humane Slaughter Bill it was thought that quite a short discussion would be enough, and the friends of the Omnibus Bill promised to take up as little time as they could.

Time Running Short

So the prospects seemed bright. There was a good deal of interest in the Omnibus Bill, and more than a dozen speeches were made on it, but most of them were kept reasonably short. The opponents of the Humane Killer had made their plans, and, with time running short, first Mr. W. J. Womersley and finally Mr. F. A. Macquisten, K.C., spoke, and occupied the time that might have been given to the Humane Slaughter Bill.

It is obvious that Mr. Womersley, who is Unionist M.P. for Grimsby and has risen from being a half-timer and a shop-boy to be a flourishing tradesman and mayor of his town, must be in sympathy with any policy of kindness to animals; and Mr. Macquisten can equally obviously have no sympathy with the continuance of a system of cruelty; but it remains true that their closing speeches, made when the Omnibus Bill was safe and the Humane Slaughter Bill was in danger, consumed time that might have been given to the Humane Slaughter Bill. Mr. Womersley's speech was given five lines in *The Times*, and Mr. Macquisten's nothing, yet very heavy was the price the nation paid for them.

Too Late

When Mr. Macquisten sat down it was four o'clock. The Omnibus Bill was carried, but the time for discussion was over and the Humane Slaughter Bill was lost. Nothing more can be done about it this session unless the Government decides to take it up, and the Government, though in favour of the Bill, is very busy. It seems as if a handful of M.P.s may once more defeat the wishes of an overwhelming majority of the people in this country.

Opposition to the Humane Killer in the districts where it is in use has practically disappeared, and most butchers are quite willing to use it.

THE GOOD DEAN OF LINCOLN

DEAN FRY of Lincoln, the brave, the good; has gone to heaven in harness. Only a few weeks ago the C.N. told how this brave old crusader of the Church had set out again on his travels at the age of 83 to raise more money for the restoration of his beloved cathedral of Lincoln.

He had been at Lincoln twenty years and to him the beautiful old fane was as the Ark of the Covenant. When, in the difficult years after the war, the architects warned him that its fabric was in danger he set about raising the £100,000 necessary to preserve it.

His task was begun when he had reached the allotted span of three-score

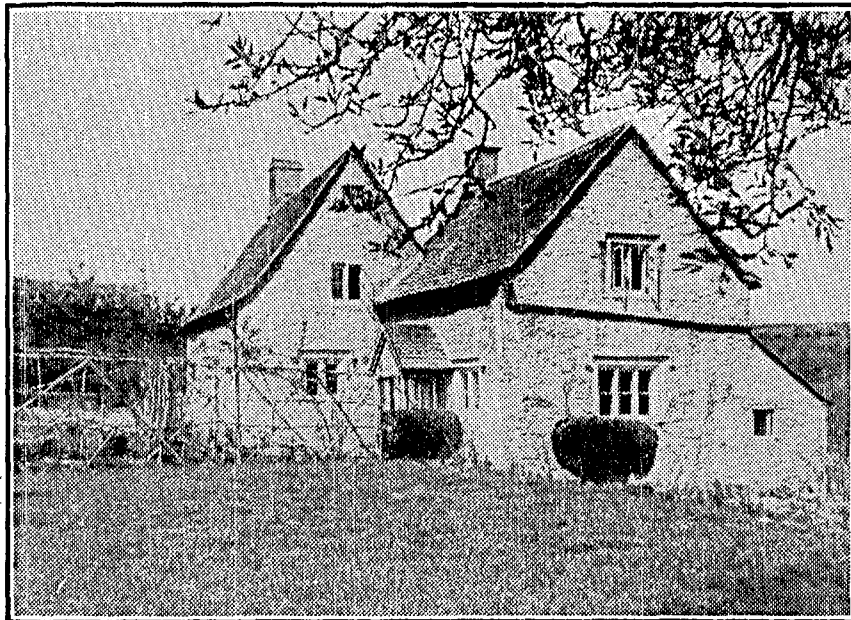
years and ten. He was not content with subscriptions from England alone. He went to America and brought back the sum of £35,000.

Then, still unwearied in well-doing, he set out on his last voyage, hoping to bring back from South America the £25,000 still wanted and to lay it before the Cathedral Chapter as an Easter offering.

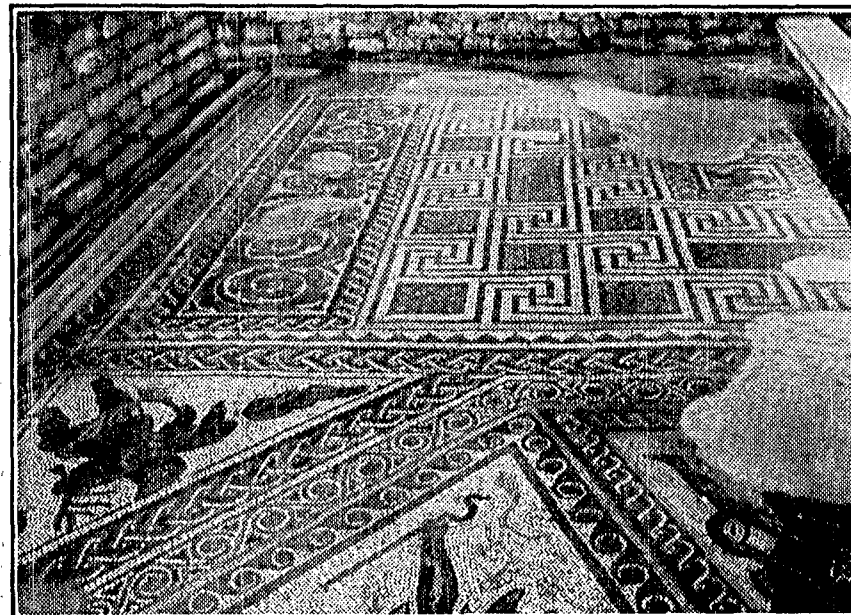
It was not to be. His strength failed him, and he came back home to die. But let none venture to say that his task was unfinished.

It was finished for him, and the restored Lincoln Cathedral will be his monument.

TREASURES OF A VILLAGE



Rose Cottage at Chedworth, which is going to America



The pavement of a Roman villa at Chedworth

A fourteenth-century cottage in the Gloucestershire village of Chedworth is to be taken to America and rebuilt. A few hundred yards from the cottage is a beautiful bit of Old England that will not go to America—the floor of a Roman villa See page 9.

Continued from the previous column

One or two big firms, however, who find that their slaughterers cannot kill quite so many animals an hour with the Humane Killer as by the old cruel method, have persuaded organisations representing farmers and meat traders to keep up the official opposition; and we fear they have found an ally in Parliament.

We do not envy the peace of mind of any man who is responsible for delaying this act of humanity toward dumb creation and ending the cruelty which goes on now every day in this country entirely in the interests of selfish traders. More and more it is desirable that all C.N. readers should insist on their butchers using the Humane Killer.

A COUNTRY AND ITS ORANGES

Oranges have a value besides that of a fruit for the table and the filling of the marmalade jar.

The Agricultural Department of South Africa, from where many of our oranges for eating come, estimates that the country produces 35,000 tons of the fruit unsuitable for export, or even for local consumption. It is now studying what is done with this surplus in other orange-growing lands.

The rind, the juice, the seeds, and the pulp all have their uses, the chief product being an extract of oil. It is hoped that this product can be marketed at a paying price.

£1000 A MINUTE THE MILLSTONE ROUND OUR NECKS

Every Great Power More War-
Burdened Than Before the War

WAKE UP, EVERY ONE

By the Chancellor of the Exchequer

Mr. Snowden spoke to the American people the other night on the Naval Conference, being hopeful of some great result. This is what he said to the United States

Every one of the Great Powers of the world except Germany, who has been compulsorily disarmed, is spending much more on armaments than it spent before the Great War. The nations of Europe are spending annually on armaments £520,000,000. The world expenditure on this purpose is £900,000,000, of which 60 per cent is expended by European countries, about 20 per cent by the United States, and 20 per cent by the rest of the world.

Annual Cost of Our Debt

The war has left Great Britain with a debt of over £7000,000,000. We have to raise each year from taxation a sum of £350,000,000 for the service of this debt without making an appreciable impression on the amount of the debt. At the present rate of repayment it will take 140 years to liquidate it. Our taxpayers have to pay on our debt services £1,000,000 a day.

It takes the whole-time labour of 2,000,000 workers, year in, year out, to produce the means to pay the annual cost of our debt. Add to this the £115,000,000 we annually spend on the fighting Services and £50,000,000 we pay yearly for war pensions and we get a total of £520,000,000 a year, £1000 a minute, which the people of Britain have to provide for war purposes.

What Each Family Has to Pay

We have to raise annually from taxes for national expenditure £606,400,000. Three-quarters of our taxes are spent on paying for past wars and preparing for future wars. Our people are the most heavily taxed in the world. The average taxation works out at about £100 a year for each family.

With such a burden upon our shoulders, is it any wonder that we have suffered industrial depression? The wonder is that we have been able to maintain our position. It says much for the financial and industrial power of Great Britain that we have a larger number of people in employment than we had before the war.

A Call to the Nations

But if the incredible sums we have to provide for the wasteful purposes of war could have been devoted to national and industrial development, how different things would be. It passes the power of the most imaginative mind to conceive what prosperity and happiness could be added to the world if we could divert our efforts and resources, now so largely wasted in the barbarous and inhuman obsession of war, to the advancement of human welfare.

Are not these tragic facts a great call to the peoples of the world to make this generation the glorious inaugurator of the reign of peace?

A Cat Goes By Post

A cat which got into a mail-bag at Stamboul, Turkey, emerged at Kutahia 24 hours later. It was very hungry, and had eaten many of the letters.

TOO MANY MEN IN THE SHIPYARDS

One of the Sad Facts Since the War

It is sad that among the stable British industries which have suffered so severely since the war shipbuilding takes so prominent a place.

The number of men engaged in shipbuilding, ship-repairing, and marine engineering has fallen as follows:

1924	320,160
1925	301,340
1926	281,130
1927	273,160
1928	257,460

That is to say, there has been a reduction of 62,700 in only five years.

Unfortunately, in spite of this great reduction, the average number of such men unemployed in 1928 was over 62,000, so that, although men have been forced out of the industry by bad trade there are still far more in it than work can be provided for.

British shipbuilding suffers because new ships are not much in demand through general bad trade.

A COCONUT FORTUNE

And What Has Happened To It

In 1925 Mr. Leopold Schepp, known in America as the coconut king, asked people to tell him how he could best give away his large fortune. A year later he died.

As he had made ten million dollars a good deal of interest was felt in his disposal of the money. This is what he has done with it.

Half was left to his daughter and a quarter to various charities. The interest on the remaining quarter is to be paid away in sums of about £40 to "deserving boys" who, after being selected, have to show for three years that they are worthy of the money.

A clergyman, a Y.M.C.A. leader, and a Boy Scout leader are observers who keep a check on these promising lads. The candidates must take a pledge to keep the Commandments, be loyal to their country, honour their parents, be honest in all their dealings, go to church, and refrain from gambling, drink, and smoking.

If this pledge has been kept the boys receive the money to spend as they like, but they are advised to spend it on education or preparation for business.

A LITTLE LETTER

Why It Caused a Great Fuss

An extraordinary law-suit has just come to an end in the French town of Lodève.

The case began when a playful person appeared at the post office and presented for registration a letter the size of the quarter of a postage stamp. The official in charge, not unnaturally supposing that he was being hoaxed, refused to accept the letter. Whereupon the playful person, who seems to have been the kind who likes to pursue a joke to its bitter end, sued him in the law courts and won his case.

The unfortunate official was even condemned to pay a fine, as there was no getting round the plaintiff's contention that while the postal regulations contain restrictions as to the maximum size a letter may have there are none whatever as to its minimum size.

CHURCH AND STATE

The Church Assembly, sitting at Church House, Westminster, has passed a resolution appointing a Commission of Inquiry into the relations between Church and State.

It is particularly felt that the Church should have more influence in the choice of bishops, who are now appointed by the Prime Minister.

A SAFETY DEVICE FOR AIRMEN

And a Danger Signal for Earth Folk

Airmen are expecting great things from a little invention lately devised.

Pilots who have to make a forced landing find it difficult to decide which way the wind lies, and for lack of a little information like this many crashes occur. It is hoped, however, that the new safety device, a wind indicator, will prevent many mishaps. The pilot simply drops a small glass tube filled with a patent chemical mixture. On hitting the ground the tube breaks, clouds of smoke rise, and the pilot sees the exact direction of the wind instantly. The tube can be dropped on such inflammable things as haystacks or petrol without any danger of fire, but we dread to think that one may drop some day on our poor head!

MAKING SEEDS WORK TWICE AS FAST

Some very interesting experiments have been made on the Government farm at Ottawa which look as though they might show how to double the world's supply of wheat.

By growing wheat in the winter under glass and providing it with electric light to make up for the loss of the sun two seed crops a year have been successfully produced.

The scientists are very busy trying to produce a new kind of wheat which will ripen as rapidly in cold climates as it will in the middle country. This kind of work can already be done, but it takes several years before a new type of seed is obtained. By growing two crops a year experiments can be speeded up and the new grain evolved in half the time.

COLOURS FOR THE TELEGRAPH

In spite of the number of lines that are being laid underground there will always be hundreds of miles of overhead telegraph wires, but in rural districts it is probable the white porcelain insulators by which the wires are attached to the telegraph poles will disappear.

Already, in fact, many new lines are being put up with coloured insulators, and the reason is that they make a more difficult target for boys to throw stones at. Probably the boys themselves do not know how much damage they cause by this form of amusement.

WHAT A CLERK GREW UP TO DO

Scotland may well be proud of Sir William Hoy, who was a clerk in a railway office when a boy of 12 and has now died as the General Manager of the Union of South Africa Railways.

Like so many young Scotsmen of energy and ability he soon sought his fortune overseas, and found it in South Africa, where he helped to extend the railways from Natal to the Transvaal and from Cape Colony to Rhodesia.

But the proudest title he had to fame was that when the South African Parliament thanked him it said that he had contributed as much to the upbuilding of South Africa as anyone.

C.N. TOYS

With this issue of the C.N. is given an educational toy which explains why the Sun never sets on the British Commonwealth. Make sure that this toy is in your C.N.

With next week's C.N. will be given a toy which illustrates in a fascinating way the law of gravitation. This is a bird which will balance on the tip of the finger or on a pencil-point.

WORSE THAN THE WAR

U.S. Death Roll of the Roads

Horrible as is the record of deaths on British roads (the number last year was probably 18 a day) it is far outdistanced by the American record. It is stated that in 1929 no fewer than 35,500 people were killed on the roads of the United States, an increase of 13 per cent on 1928.

There is no more astonishing thing in the world than the callousness with which we have come to regard road accidents. Now, in each great country, the deaths and woundings on the roads in a year are the equivalent of the casualties of the big battles of the world's history. In fact, America suffers in a year as many casualties as she suffered in the war.

THE LONELY MAN

This tribute to Lord Haig was paid by Dr. Fleming at a service in memory of the great field-marshal at St. Columba Church, Pont Street, London, where Lord Haig was an elder.

Lord Haig was a lonely man; indeed, all the great of soul are lonely. It is the price that genius of outstanding ability must always pay.

To speak of him thus is not, however, to say that he had not many friends. On the contrary, few men had more, but it would not escape the notice of any who knew him well that there was an elusiveness in his personality—that elusiveness of which most men and women no doubt have a share but which was his in a marked degree. Your companion of the valley was in the twinkling of an eye on the mountain-top—alone.

THE SEAMAN'S DANGEROUS TRADE

Let us not forget that, despite the vast improvements that have been made in navigation and in the perfecting of steamships and motor-vessels, the calling of the seaman is still dangerous.

There are about 2,40,000 seamen, and when we look at the official returns we find that the deaths in a year number about 1200. All these are not due to wrecks or other accidents, however. It is surprising to find how many seamen die on their ships. In 1928 there were 1205 deaths, of which 190 were due to wrecks, 196 to ship accidents, 106 to accidents on shore, 651 due to disease, and 62 due to violence.

MEN MADE HERE

We have been through the wonderful Heritage Craft Schools at Chailey in Sussex. They were inspired by an English lady's love of Mrs. Ewing's Story of a Short Life.

We saw, as all visitors do, the chapel, the schoolrooms, the slum babies asleep in the February air, the cheerful little patients having knitting lessons, and metal-work lessons in bed, out of doors.

But what remains with us, now we are home again, is the memory of the carpenter's shop where crippled lads worked away at their benches; and the three words so bravely painted over that doorway through which so many limping ones go: *Men Made Here*.

THE P.O. AND ITS MILLIONS

One reply the Post Office can always make to its critics. It succeeds.

Every day in every way it grows bigger and bigger, if we forget about the Telegraphs.

It has just announced a profit of £9,000,000 on its year's working, and if that sum comes out of the public's pocket it goes back again.

Nothing succeeds like success, and all the public can ask of the Post Office is not to be too proud to listen to its complaints, which are not because it makes too little, but because it does not always give all it might for the money.

IS THE MACHINE ALWAYS RIGHT?

The Answer is No

The C.N. not long ago referred to the use of machine calculators by banks and called the machines "soulless and unerring." But are they unerring?

A correspondent doubts it, and gives as his reason an experience of his own. When the last census was taken, in 1921, he had charge of the counting in a town and returned his summary to headquarters. He knew it was right. But the machine-made calculation there made it different to a trifling extent. He persisted in urging the correctness of his figures, and eventually it was admitted that the human calculation was the accurate one.

It is natural that our correspondent, having won, should champion the careful human brain against any machine, but the wide adoption of the calculating-machine suggests that improvements have been made in it during recent years. Let us hope so, for the new census, in 1931, is already being arranged for with great care and, it is said, more simplicity.

The machine, we suppose, has to be fed with the figures it manipulates, and there human agency comes in. The probability is that if the machine is supplied with the right figures it will be right more often than the human machine, however careful that may be. But perhaps it is too much to say that any mechanical machine *must* be forever incapable of a mistake.

CHICAGO AND ITS BIG BILL

The Proud City Falls Low

Chicago, having elected to let its mayor, Big Bill Thompson, settle its affairs, has now a bigger bill than it is able to settle.

Big Bill Thompson is serving his third term as Mayor of Chicago, and in the last fifteen years has run up a floating debt for the city of £37,000,000.

More than a year ago the citizens of Chicago thought they had defeated him at the elections, and began jubilantly to talk of purging the State of Illinois of her shame, and of allowing Chicago once again to walk proudly among the cities.

But after this demonstration the electors plunged into apathy again till rudely awakened the other day by the announcement that there was no money in the till. There was not enough to pay the police, or the school teachers, or the street cleaners. More than 40,000 municipal and county employees, from accountants to telephone girls, have had to go without their wages.

The banks will lend no more money, and Chicago, the richest city of the Middle West, has had, like a defaulting banker, to suspend payment. Chicago has only itself to blame. Every city has the Bill it deserves.

THE DAYLIGHT FILM

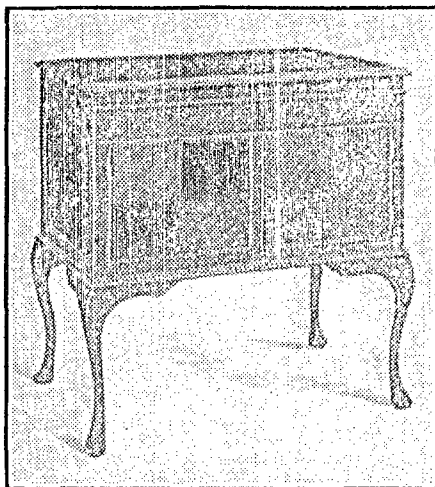
Many C.N. readers must have seen the ingenious little daylight kinemas which some enterprising firms are using to advertise their wares.

The projector, which is operated automatically, shows films which last up to a quarter of an hour and may then be repeated if required without further attention from an operator. The picture is thrown on to a ground-glass screen, where it can be clearly seen in broad daylight. The screen is in front at the top of a cabinet which contains the projector and can be packed flat for travelling. The films used are all non-inflammable.

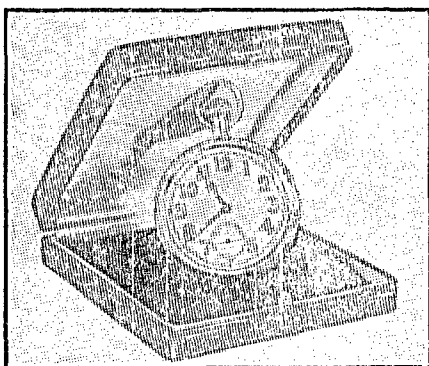
It is rather surprising that greater use is not made of the idea of the daylight screen, especially in schools.

C.N. TOUR OF THE MOTHERLAND

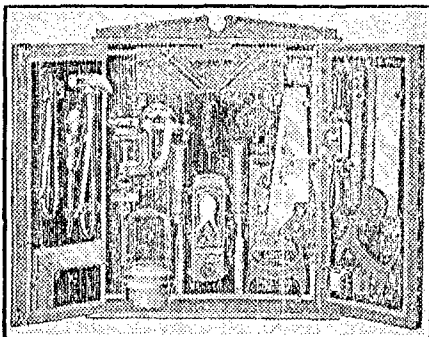
What Do We Pass on the Way Round Little Treasure Island?



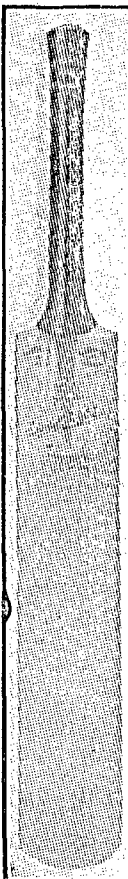
Lissenola cabinet gramophone—Queen Anne Console model in mahogany



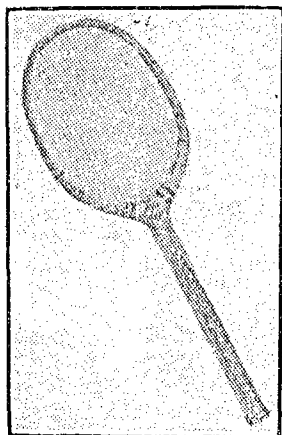
Silver watch with luminous dial



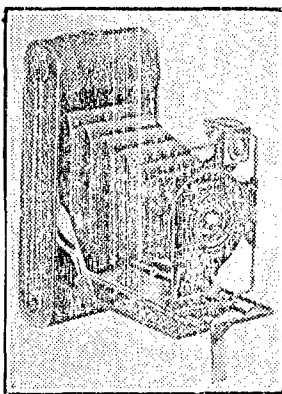
Cabinet of tools by Hobbies



Slazenger cricket bat



Slazenger tennis racket



Ensign roll-film folding camera

A JOURNEY THROUGH THE MAP WITH MANY PRIZES AT THE END

Portable Wireless Sets
Tennis Rackets
Model Aeroplanes
Boy's and Girl's Watches
Tool Cabinets

Cabinet Gramophones
Cricket Bats
Model Steam Launches
Folding Cameras
Portable Gramophones

TRAVEL is, of course, the great educator, but how many of us can go where we would like to go? Though handicapped in this way, however, there is much to be learned from books, newspapers, and contact with other people. This week the C.N. introduces a pastime which will test the knowledge of its readers and provide interesting entertainment. There is no entrance fee, and 125 valuable prizes are offered to clever boys and girls, who may choose from the attractive collection of objects shown in our pictures the article they most desire.

HERE is the idea of this scheme. On page iv is a map of our Motherland divided into areas, and we are going for a tour, beginning and ending with London and passing through 48 numbered squares. Each square has several places, only one of which it is our intention to visit. That place is indicated by a clue in the way clues are used for the C.N. Cross Word Puzzle. Some clues are historical, some geographical, some literary, some industrial, and so on. For instance, after leaving London we visit a place in square Number 1 indicated by the clue "Last Stand of Warwick the King Maker," which, of course, refers to BARNET. Next we go to one place in square Number 2, then to one in square 3, and so on until we reach square 8, which is the end of this week's section of our journey.

EACH week for six weeks we shall pass through eight squares, and when the tour is finished we shall tell our travellers where to send their coupons, which should be filled in with ink. Of course, any numbered division where the coastline breaks into it is considered as a square. It will add greatly to the interest of this contest if readers draw lines linking up the places visited week by week. Be sure to keep this week's map, as well as the coupon.

The Prizes

THE 25 most successful readers will be invited to choose between a handsome 5-valve Portable Wireless Set, capable of receiving numerous home and foreign broadcast programmes, and a beautiful cabinet gramophone in mahogany, both made by the well-known firm of Lissen.

The hundred other prizes include tennis rackets and cricket bats made by Slazengers; model launches driven by steam; the wonderful Hobbies tool cabinets; Broadcast portable gramophones made by the Vocalion Gramophone Co.; large Skisail monoplanes guaranteed to fly several hundred yards; handsome 9-carat gold wrist-watches for girls and silver watches with luminous dials for boys, both supplied by H. Samuel Ltd.; and Ensign folding cameras.

Seldom has such an attractive list of prizes been offered, and there is the additional advantage that successful readers are to be asked to choose which they like best. Boys and girls will be proud to possess any of these articles, which are all of the highest quality. Please tell your friends about this offer.

The Rules

THE twenty-five prizes of Lissenola Portable Wireless Sets or Cabinet Gramophones will be awarded to the twenty-five readers whose lists of stopping places are correct or most nearly so according to the sealed list in the Editor's possession. The hundred other prizes will follow according to merit.

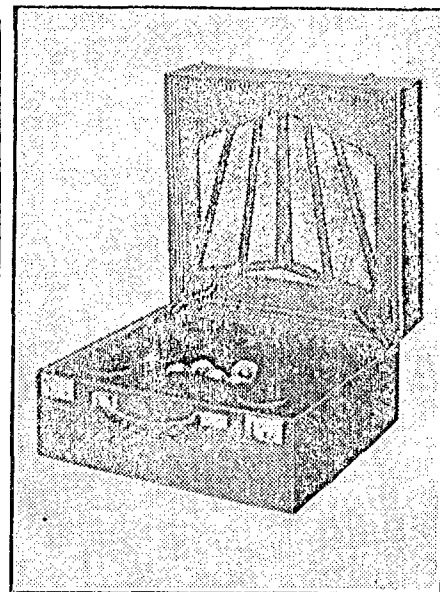
The Editor reserves the right to divide the value of any of the prizes in the event of ties, and his decision in all matters affecting the contest will be final and legally binding.

Any number of attempts may be sent, but no reader over 18 is entitled to enter or assist.

Only one name must be written in each numbered space, and no coupons containing corrections will be accepted.

No responsibility can be undertaken for any delay or loss in the post or otherwise, and no correspondence will be entertained. Every entry must be on a complete set of coupons—1 to 6.

Employees of the proprietors of the Children's Newspaper cannot compete.



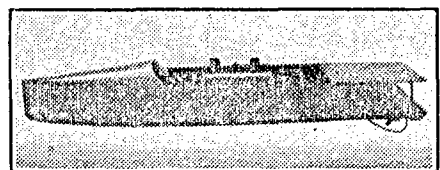
Five-valve portable Lissenola wireless set ready for use



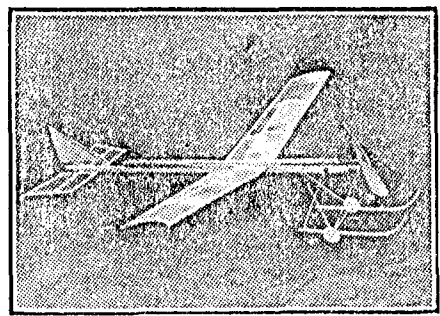
9-carat gold wrist-watch



Broadcast portable gramophone



Model steam launch about 30 inches long, supplied by Hobbies



Skisail model-de-luxe monoplane, supplied by Appleby's

C.N. TOUR OF THE MOTHERLAND

First Coupon

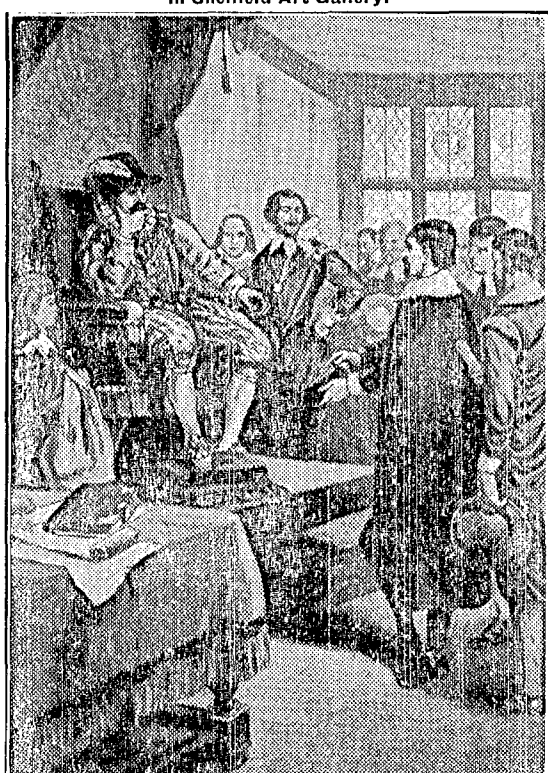
- | | |
|--|----------|
| 1 Last Stand of Warwick the King Maker | 1 BARNET |
| 2 Famous Reads Cross Here | 2 |
| 3 An Immortal Tinker | 3 |
| 4 You May Be Wearing Things Made Here | 4 |
| 5 Cathedral City | 5 |
| 6 Newton's Schooldays | 6 |
| 7 Charles I Raised His Standard | 7 |
| 8 A Queen Imprisoned Here For a Time | 8 |

FILL IN THIS COUPON WITH INK, USING CAPITALS, AND KEEP TILL WANTED

FAMOUS PEOPLE AND HAPPENINGS IN A THOUSAND



The Royalist—From the painting by John Pettie in Sheffield Art Gallery.



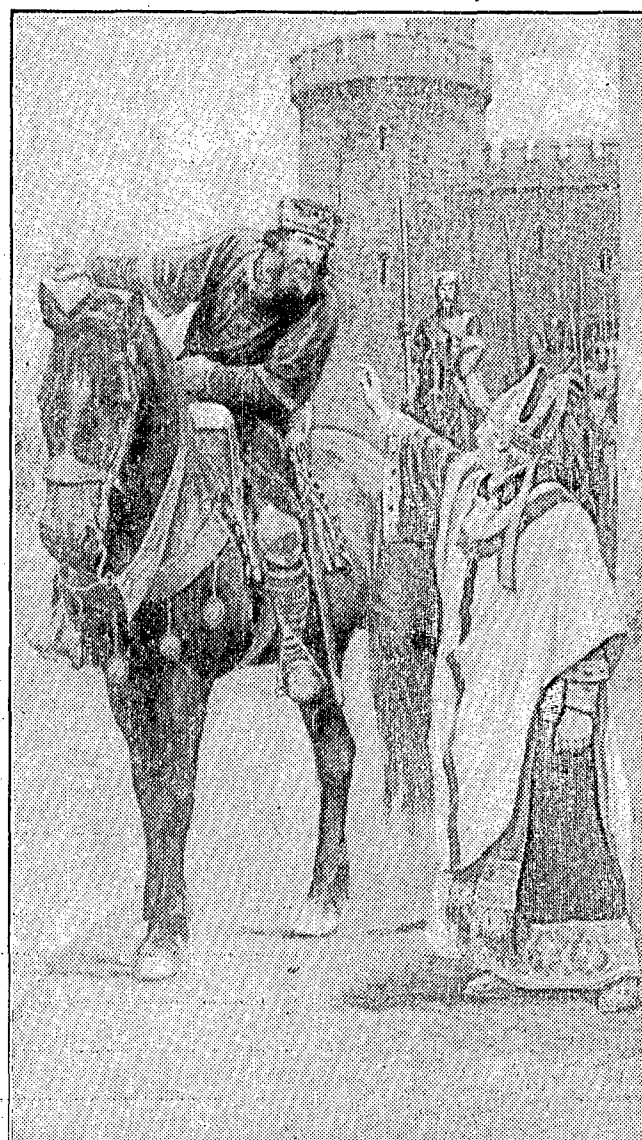
Oppressed Puritans appearing before James the First, who threatens to drive them out of England.



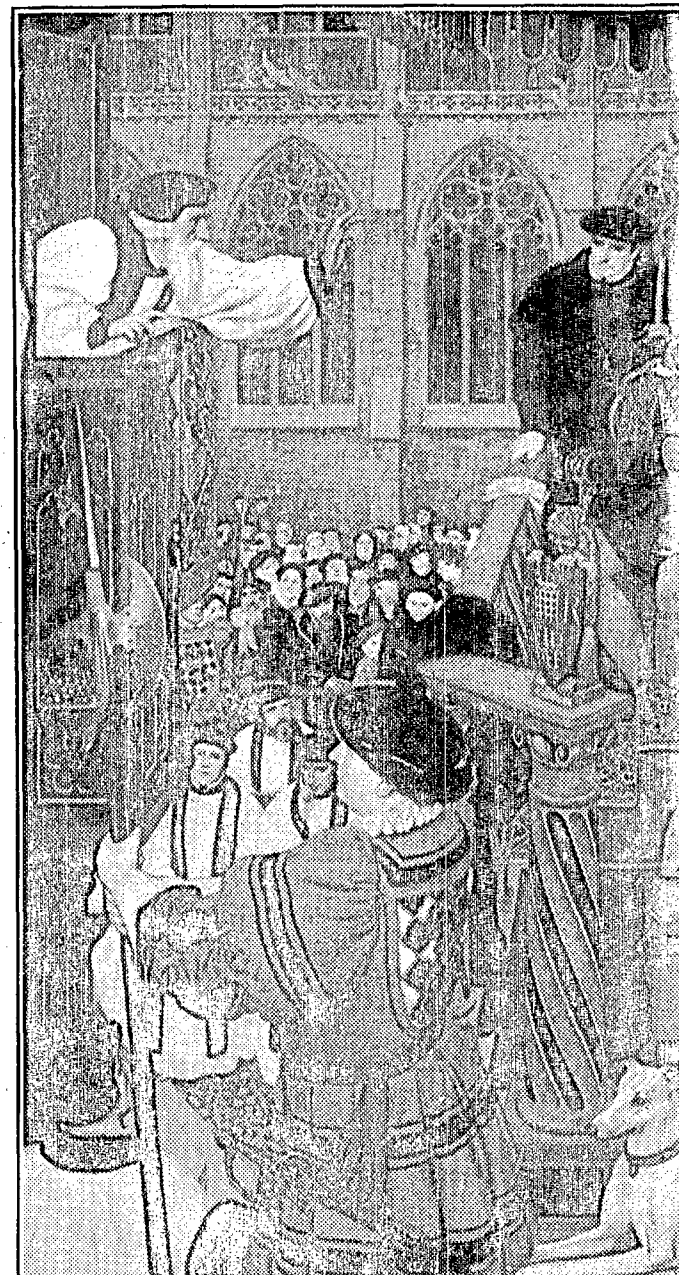
James Watt and Matthew Boulton, two pioneers of the steam engine. Reproduced by courtesy of George Philip & Son.



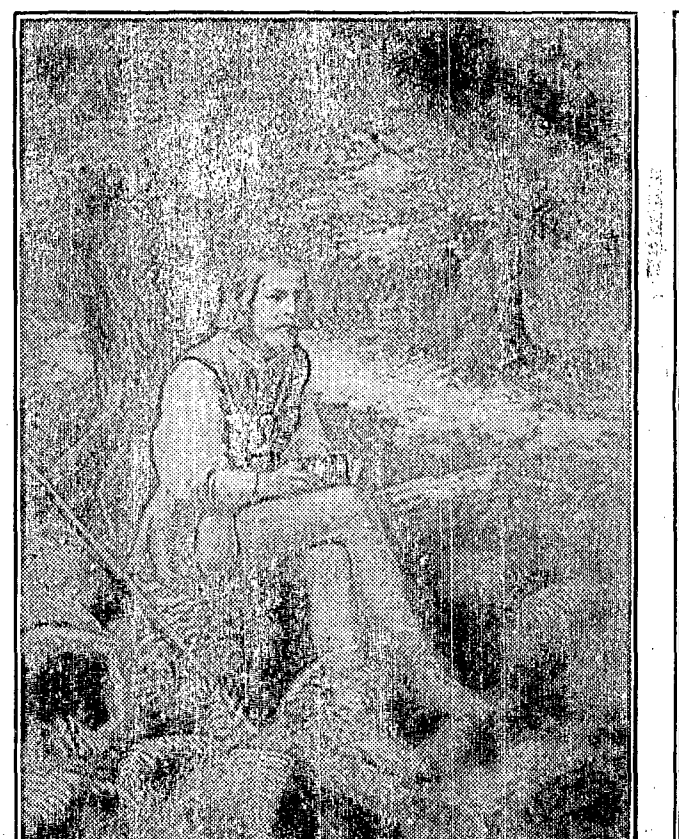
A happy hour of the tragic Nine Days Queen—Lady Jane Grey and her sisters with their tutor John Aylmer.



Stephen Langton, who forced King John to sign Magna Carta, warns the king of the folly of resisting the barons.



Bishop Latimer preaching before the boy king Edward. Reproduced by courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

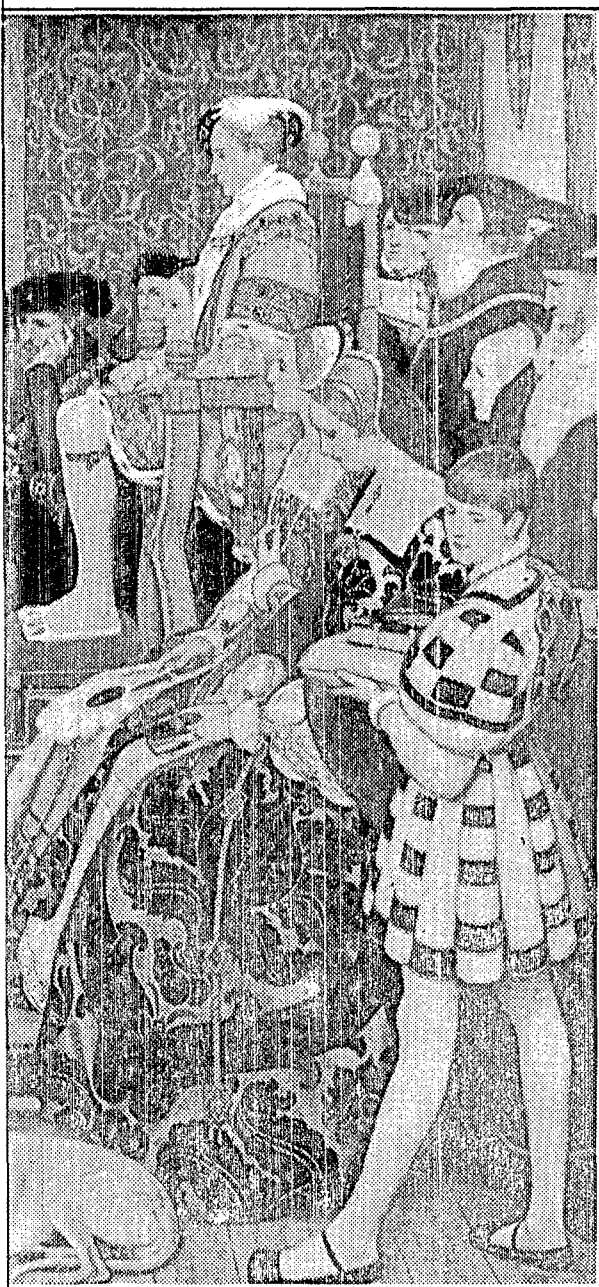


The good King Alfred, who united England to repel the Danes, spends a quiet hour beneath the oaks he loved.

Our story goes back far more than a thousand years, but with Alfred, our first great king, who made the way clear for a united nation,

England may be said to have entered on a new era. For the next thousand years wars played a large part in our story, but these

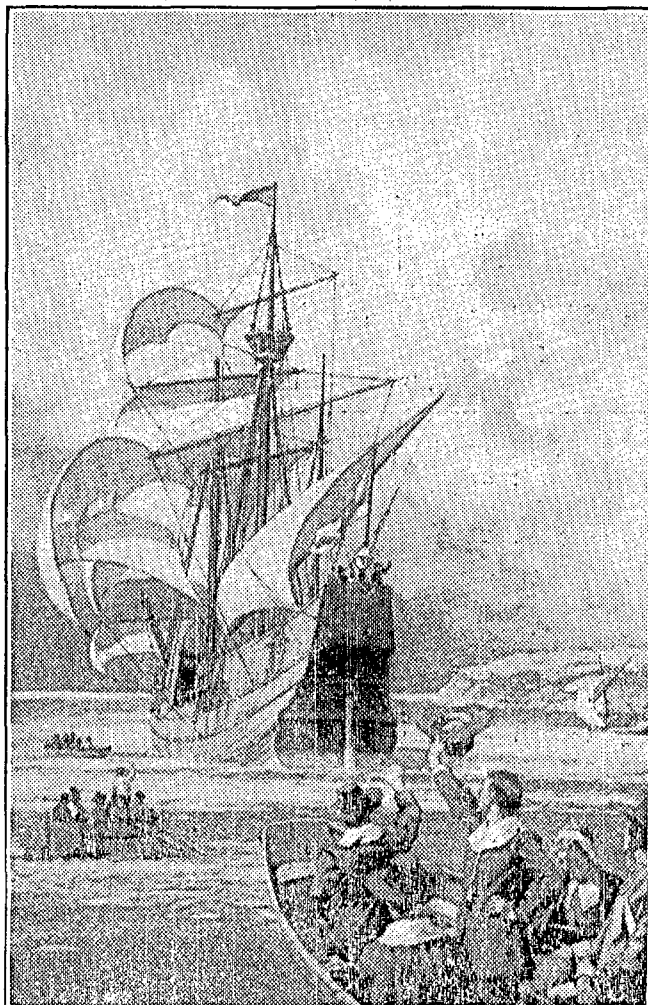
THE YEARS OF LITTLE TREASURE ISLAND'S STORY



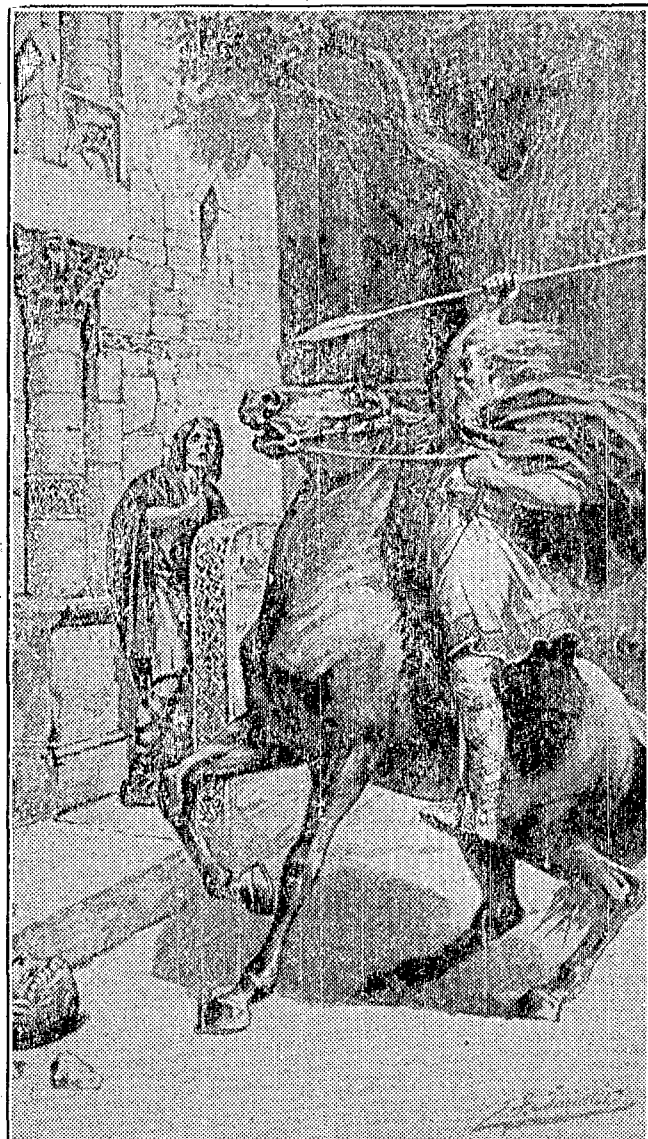
The Sixth—From the painting by Ernest Board, Arts Publishing Company



Walter Raleigh ponders while writing his History of the World in the Tower of London.



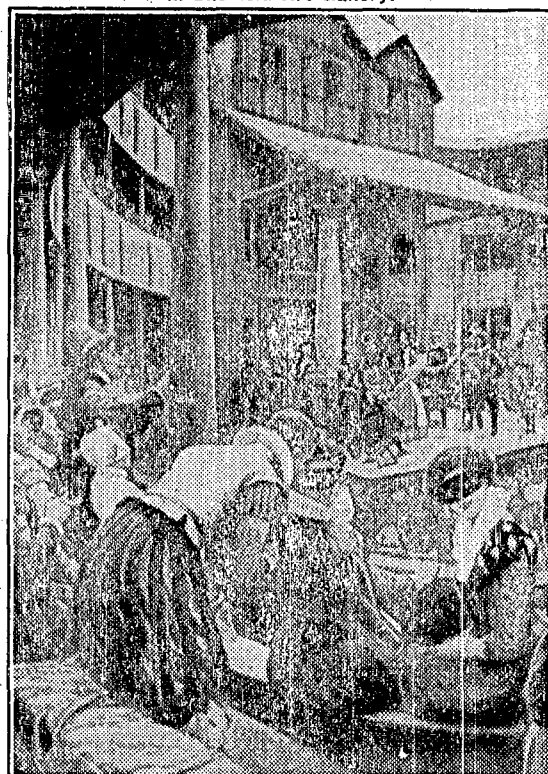
The Pilgrims, driven from home by James the First, set out from Plymouth Hoe on September 6, 1620.



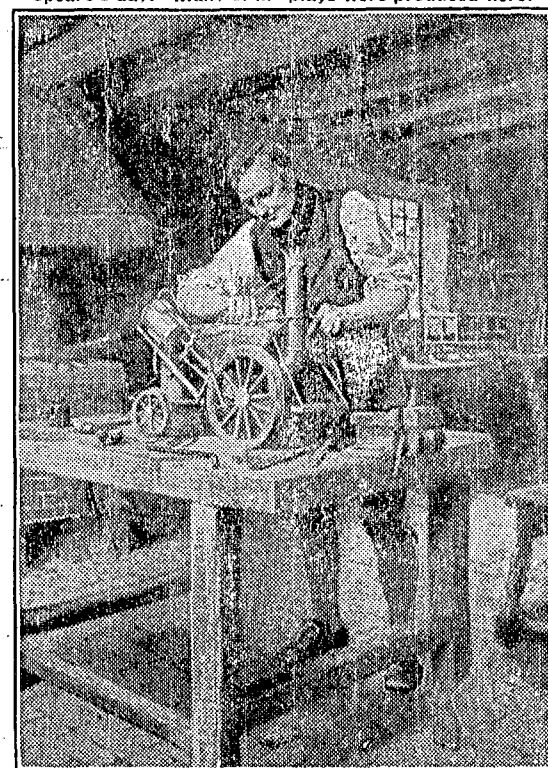
Colfi, the old seventh-century priest, rides up to the pagan temple at Goodmanham in Yorkshire to break down the idols.



The Puritan—From the painting by John Pettie in Sheffield Art Gallery.



A scene in the old Globe Theatre at Southwark in Shakespeare's day. Many of his plays were produced here.



George Stephenson, the man who made railways possible, working on a model of the Rocket.

matter little now. The English gifts of which we may be proud are the gifts of Peace, such as the literature of Shakespeare and Milton and the inventions of Stephenson and Watt; and the fine courage of men like the Pilgrim Fathers. Here are a few pictures from England's story.

CAN YOU FIND YOUR WAY ROUND LITTLE TREASURE ISLAND?



In squares 1 to 8 are the names of the eight towns referred to in the coupon on Page One of this Supplement, where particulars of the 125 prizes are given.

THE PLOUGH WONDERS OF ZETA

Four Stars Travelling Together
Through Space

TERRIFIC HEAT OF A GIANT SUN

By the C.N. Astronomer

Of all the stars of the Plough none is so full of interest as Zeta, the middle star of the Bear's tail.

This is on account of its wonderful solar system of four suns; to which may be added the double-sun system of Alcor, which appears to us as a little star above and to the left of Zeta.

The position of these stars in the Plough was shown in last week's star-map. Zeta in Ursa Major, also known by its popular Arabic name of Mizar, is seen to be composed of two stars when viewed through a telescope. They appear to be $14\frac{1}{2}$ seconds of arc apart, one being of second and the other of about fourth magnitude.

A Marvellous Journey

Now each of these stars has been found to be composed of two suns, thus making a quartette, travelling together through space in the same direction as the other stars of the Ursa Major cluster, as described in last week's C.N. It is most probable that each pair of suns revolves round a central point between them, but, owing to their great distance, the extent of their motion would appear too small to be perceptible up to the present.

The suns of the larger pair, which are of almost equal size and very much greater than our Sun, are each nearly twice as massive. They revolve round a centre of gravity between them at the immense speed of about 43 miles a second, taking but $20\frac{1}{2}$ days to go completely round. During this short time each of them travels some 76 million miles, their average distance apart being 25 million miles.

From Alcor to Mizar

We may thus visualise this marvellous solar system of Mizar, which includes the pair of suns composing Alcor. These also appear to be part of the same system, but at an immense distance from the suns of Mizar, amounting to nearly one and a half million million miles, an inconceivable number amounting to nearly 16,000 times the distance we are from the Sun.

Light, therefore, takes nearly 90 days to travel from Alcor to Mizar, yet how near they appear when we look up at them! We learn also how much nearer these suns are together than our Sun is to its nearest neighbour, little Proxima Centauri, whose light takes four years to reach us.

The Light of Eta

The other two stars of the Plough which remain to be considered are Alpha and Eta. These are not part of the Ursa Major cluster; they are farther away and travelling in totally different directions from the others, as can be seen from last week's star-map. Of these Alpha is the brightest. This star is also popularly known as Dubhe. It is 88 light-years distant, and is of a class entirely different from the others, radiating about 100 times the light and heat of our Sun.

Eta is a giant sun radiating over 400 times the light of our Sun, its light taking 163 years to reach us. It belongs to the Orion type of sun, has a surface temperature of some 20,000 degrees Centigrade, nearly four times that of our Sun and far hotter than any other sun of the wonderful group of the Plough.

G. F. M.

WHAT AMERICA TOOK AND WHAT SHE LEFT

A Bit of Old England and a
Bit of the Roman Empire

TREASURES OF A VILLAGE

A pretty cottage of the Cotswolds, grey-stoned, roof-tiled, mellowed by centuries of English rain and sun, has been uprooted from Chedworth to be rebuilt in America.

Some commiseration has been expressed at English poverty which has to sell such a bit of Old England to wealthier America, and sad it is. But, after all, there are plenty of bits left. The Americans who bought this 14th-century Gloucestershire cottage left a far older bit of English history behind.

A Roman-British Home

It is only a few hundred yards away from the cottage, so there was no excuse for missing it—as most of the commentators on the transportation of the cottage have done. It is a Roman-British home.

Nearly twelve centuries before a brick of the cottage was put in place some rich British landowner, a subject of the Roman dominion over England, built this villa, and built it well. It was the house from which he hunted the wolf and the wild boar and the deer, a pleasant place in summer or winter.

It stood at the head of a little combe, and we can picture it all those centuries ago with its long wings of stone and timber work, its symmetrical roof and colonnades, its small chimneys breaking the skyline.

A Home to be Proud Of

It had a beautiful tessellated floor and a hypocaust for the luxurious bath. It had fountain and well. It was a home of which any Roman subject might be proud. We can imagine its owner looking from its terrace into the green vale of the Colne.

Perhaps his name was Censarinus, for a spoon with such a name has been found in the ruins, but in the fullness of time he passed away, and the old home fell into other hands.

Then, as is surmised, it was enlarged, and became the headquarters of a small dyeing industry.

Thus history repeats itself. But it is English history, and however many stones a buyer may remove he can never take away that.

Pictures on page 7

THE SCENES THAT NEVER WERE

Desider Mockry Meszaros is a painter whose name, though not easy for us to pronounce, is now ringing through the cities of Hungary.

Of all the 3600 Hungarian Academy painters struggling to make themselves known in needy Hungary, Desider is the only one who has hit on an easy way of making fame and fortune. He paints things that no one ever saw.

There are painters in London and in Paris who do the same. Many of the visions they display to us on their canvases are, to say the least, uncommon, and leave us with no desire to see them again.

But Meszaros, the scion of an old and noble Hungarian family, leaves all such commonplace methods far behind. He declares that he paints wondrous visions that rise in him because once upon a time, long, long ages since, he dwelled as another being in those solitudes. Now we know where some of our modern pictures come from.

We incline to believe that, even if Meszaros is not an accomplished painter, he is on the way to being an accomplished romancer.

South African Farmers

About twenty South Africans are on their way to tour through agricultural Australia, returning the visit of Australian farmers to South Africa in 1928.

THE OLD BOAR

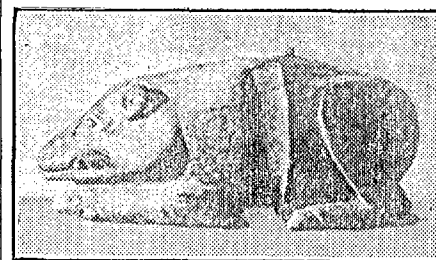
Is It the Oldest Sculpture?

LATEST NEWS FROM ABRAHAM'S TOWN

In the search among the foundations of Ur of the Chaldees Mr. Leonard Woolley and his fellow excavators go farther and farther back through Time; but in the lowest level they have reached they still find the hand of ancient man busy trying to create artistic images of living things.

Their latest discovery, among the fragments of pottery older than the Flood, is a crouching figure of a wild boar.

The Cave Men scratched images of the wild creatures they hunted on the walls of caves thousands of years before Ur was built as man's habitation, and wonderful things they were. But this wild



The Boar found at Ur

boar is not drawn on the flat; it is modelled in the round, and a magnificent example it is of the sculptor's art in rendering movement and the character of the beast.

Far less old than the Cave drawings, its age is yet numbered in thousands of years, and judging by the skill and ability of its modelling hundreds of years of the sculptor's art must have passed by before anyone could have learned by inherited skill and knowledge the way to do it.

It is most probably the oldest piece of sculpture in the world, though some of the horse's heads modelled in bone ivory by the Cave Men are older.

CAN WE ROUSE OURSELVES IN TIME

How to Save the Countryside

By Sir Michael Sadler

Sir Michael Sadler does not despair of the possibility of saving the countryside from the perils that threaten it. This is one of the wise things he has been saying to the people of three of our counties.

At the lowest estimate the provision of games fields and recreation grounds should be seven acres per 1000 of the population. Personally, I put the figure nearly twice as high for a large urban community, 500 acres for 40,000 population.

I believe we shall find it hygienically, industrially, and politically wise to plan and provide on the fringe of towns large playing-fields with Rugger and Soccer grounds, tennis courts, cricket pitches, a nine-hole golf course, fives courts, squash racket courts, a running track, and pavilions for men and women, with shower baths, the two wings of the pavilion being joined by a large hall for refreshments, music, and meetings, with a cinema attached.

So far as the beauty of the English landscape and townscape is concerned I am disposed to think we can achieve nearly all we need by a cooperation between the public authorities and the several interests concerned.

My reason for feeling hope in this possibility is that the English are by nature endowed with good taste. The difficulty is that a great change in our social conditions has come suddenly, largely through the petrol engine and the war. Can we rouse ourselves in time to seize the opportunity and save the situation?

A VIKING TALE

THE INSCRIPTION ON A ROCK

The Ancient Right of Sanctuary in This Country

MERCY WITH JUSTICE

What may be called a sermon in stone has been found in Sweden, an inscription a thousand years old engraved on a rock at Norrköping, in the province of Ostergötland.

In ancient runic characters the tale is told on this rock how a Viking named Gunnar, after causing the death of another man, escaped into a sacred sacrificial grove where his life was safe from private vengeance and the arm of the law.

From this sanctuary, the inscription runs on, he opened negotiations with the relatives of the dead man, paid them compensation, and made peace with them. At the foot of this announcement comes the signature of the keeper of the sacred grove confirming the agreement and making all according to Viking law.

A Fantastic Theory

Many Viking relics have been found at Norrköping, but none so interesting as this. The inscription has been read by runic scholars, and is precious as a link with those fierce, barbaric times. But a fantastic deduction is drawn from the find. We are told that the Middle Ages right of a culprit or persecuted fugitive to claim the privilege of sanctuary in a Christian church was simply a borrowing from the old pagan customs of the Vikings. This is nonsense.

Sanctuary existed from immemorial times. It is clearly indicated in the Old Testament. It was known to and practised by both Greeks and Romans. It was one of the earliest ordinances of the first Christian Church, centuries before the Viking nation came into existence.

One of the first benefits conferred on Christendom was the establishment in the name of Christ of legal protection for those who sought safety in the Church. It was a deliberate reproduction of the law which had so long made the inner sanctuary of the Jewish Temple the Holy of Holies.

Before Augustine Came

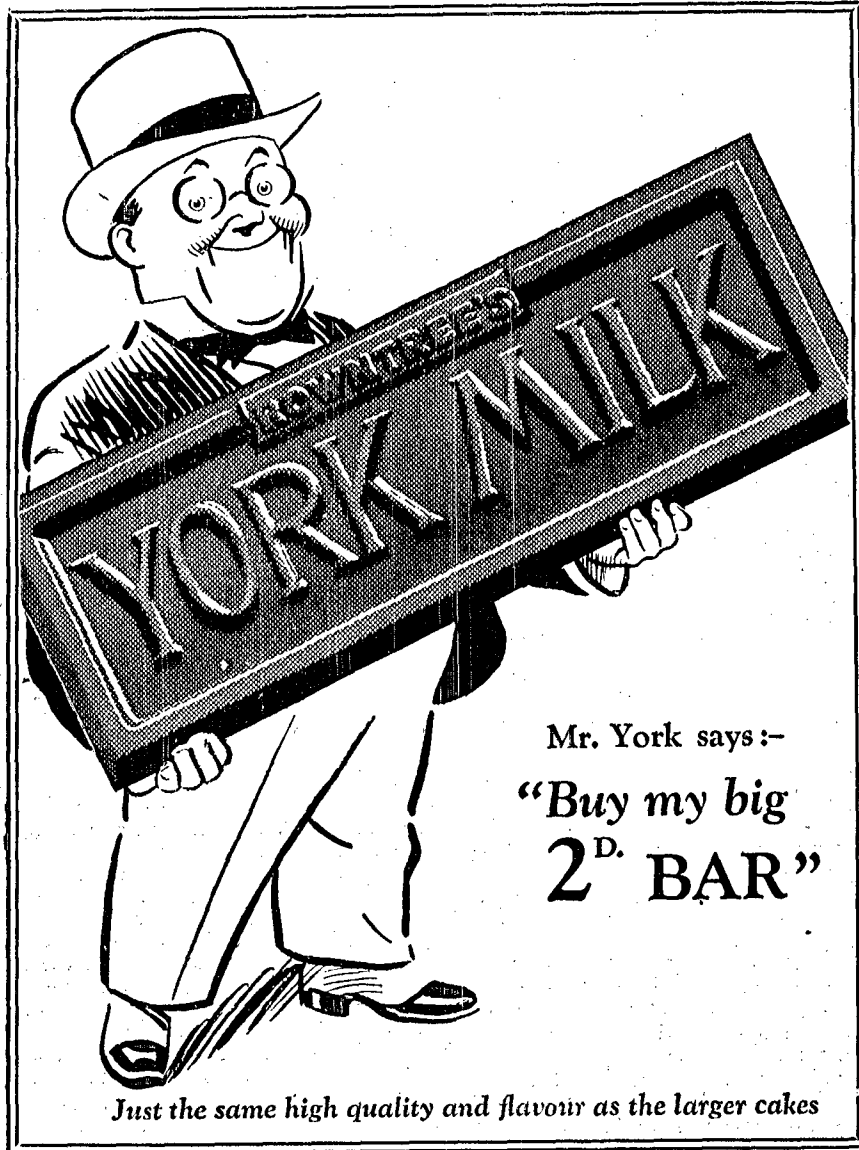
From the time of Constantine the right of sanctuary existed as a sacred law. In the lives of the earliest saints we have repeated records of men and women fleeing for safety to sanctuary. The right of sanctuary came into England with Christianity, and must have been well recognised when churches, during Roman times, began to supersede heathen temples two centuries before Augustine came with his mission to Canterbury. In the lawless centuries which followed there was always one place in which mercy might be sought and found and shelter against oppression and wrong secured.

Once a fugitive entered a church he was safe from violence and pursuit. All our old churches conferred this right, and some were famous as the last refuge of wronged innocence, the one place where an accused person might have a hearing and the one place where charity tempered justice.

A COUNTRY WITH A CITY'S POPULATION

Very little progress is being made in peopling those great British Dominions of Australia and New Zealand.

The latest news from New Zealand is that the year's increase was only 17,137. As New Zealand, with its area of 103,000 square miles, has a population of little more than that of Glasgow, we may see that for practical purposes the population is stationary. Yet it is a magnificent country.



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THE YOUNGEST WORDS IN THE LANGUAGE

HOW OLD ARE THEY?

The Men Who Try to Find Out Where They Come From

HALF-A-GUINEA FOR A DATE

That biggest book of facts in the English language, the Oxford English Dictionary, is now being completed with a Supplement to bring it up-to-date.

Seeing that the Dictionary was begun more than a generation since, it is not surprising that the language has grown a good deal since the first pages of this great work were printed.

Still, one would hardly have thought that already, for the letter A alone, something like 1500 words have been collected. It is certain that by the time Z is filled in the Supplement will be an enormous book, and it will be a most wonderful volume, for the words that have come into existence during the last lifetime will be the most interesting in the whole Dictionary. They will suggest in brief space the story of human progress for half a century.

An Opportunity for Everyone

It is the ambition of the makers of this marvellous Dictionary to tell for every word the earliest date when it can be found in print. As the new words are noted, they are printed with the date when they seem to have been first used in print. The lists go out to many diligent readers, each of whom is asked to find the word used at a still earlier date, if he can. It is a study of our native tongue in which anyone can join by getting from the Oxford University Press the publication called the Periodical, which gives the list of new words. By keeping in mind some of the words now on their way to a place in the Dictionary and, when meeting with them in reading, noting the date of the book, any one of us may be useful if the date we find is earlier than the date attributed to the word in the Periodical.

A Hole in the Roof

Take, for instance, the phrase "to have bats in the belfry," used of anyone who harbours mental oddities. The present earliest use in print is given as 1927. That is obviously much too recent. To many of us it has long been familiar. But where can its earlier use be found in print? There is, too, the addition to "bats in the belfry," now used to describe a more serious mental state, "a hole in the roof." How old is that?

Some words and phrases have not yet had any date found for them before they go on the list. "Awkward age" is an instance. Here are some interesting age problems. "Bad" in the sense of "not so bad," meaning "moderately well," is dated 1891 at present. "Away," as used when a match is not played on the home-ground, is attributed to 1907, but surely it is older. "Back number," for anyone superseded or out-of-date, goes back to 1888. "Beans" in the phrase "full of beans" is temporarily put in the year 1925, but it must be very much older. "Best seller," as applied to popular new books, is down for 1920.

Carry On

There must be many who, with little trouble, could push that date considerably farther back. The Supplement is asking for dates for nine examples of the word "carry," mostly in conjunction with some other word, but not for the most common of all its usages, to "carry on." We think we detect a shade of meaning as it was used in the war-time different from any older use of it.

In these days of cross words, and similar mental occupations which involve an interest in language, there must be many who could apply a part of their

WORLD'S FARMYARDS Fowls That Lay Blue Eggs

So important has the poultry industry become that a World Poultry Congress is to be held in London at the Crystal Palace in July.

This is not only a tribute to the growth of the industry, but another happy sign of the way in which the world is pulling itself together; the producers and traders of every industry of every country meet for mutual help. It all makes for peace and goodwill.

Poultry keepers, we are told by the Ministry of Agriculture, are flourishing in Palestine, where it is said that the demand for birds and eggs exceeds the supply. Palestine, it is hoped, will be represented at the Crystal Palace.

The oldest farmyards in the world are said to have been those of Egypt, which has an enormous trade, so big that we buy about 100 million Egyptian eggs in a year.

The latest news from the farmyard world is that we are to see blue eggs! It is a curious fact that most people prefer brown eggs to white eggs, although the interiors are not influenced by the external colour. The blue egg is said to be produced in Chile by a fowl bred by the Araucanos, the Indians of that region.

There is also, they say, a wild Mexican fowl which lays eggs of a blue colour; so we may hope to see blue eggs in July at the Crystal Palace.

A POOR USE FOR STREET LAMPS

And a Mean Way of Making Money

St. Pancras is being asked to let its street lamps bear advertisements, as an easy way of making money.

Ten pounds a lamp is offered, and we hope St. Pancras will not be tempted to accept the bribe, for it would be meanly earned.

Not only is the idea of making money by cheapening and disfiguring public property a mean one, but it is extremely silly as well.

Lamp standards and the glass tops of the lamps might well be used to tell the passer-by the way, to inform him of the name of the street—which he seldom can find easily elsewhere—or even to point to the nearest Post Office.

But if the lamp is obscured by advertisements all the information it will offer will be about the speculative qualities of somebody's goods. Nottingham tried it years ago, and gave it up, half-ashamed of its experiment.

On the railway stations of the old Underground the advertisements prevented the traveller from knowing where he was or what station he had reached.

Continued from the previous column

ingenuity to helping in the great business of tracing the growth of recent words, particularly their passage from speech to print, and so have a share, however fragmentary, in this vast book which enshrines the English language yet can never catch up with time and be complete.

We give below a list of some of the youngest words in the English language for which the Oxford Dictionary is now asking, and the C.N. will be glad to send half-a-guinea to any reader who sends us within the next three months the earliest use in a paper or a book of any of these words before the date given here:

Auto 1902	Carefree 1901
Autopiano 1920	Carless 1927
Bargain hunter 1886	Carrier (of disease) 1910
Back-fire (in engine) 1897	Carrier (on bicycle) 1887
Back number 1888	Cash on delivery 1899
Back-peddalling 1887	Cash register 1903
Baking powder 1878	Causeur 1827
Base Hospital 1895	Cavalry Officer 1903
Battleship 1889	Central heating 1921
Card index 1917	Centre forward 1898
Card vote 1902	Carpet slipper 1906

A NEW RUN ON OLD WHEELS

MOTOR-CYCLES OUT-OF-DATE

The Early Days of the Bicycle
and How It Grew Up

OLD PENNY FARTHING

All who are interested in cycling and the motor-car must have been interested in the recent gathering, on a bitterly cold day, of a host of old-time motor-cycles for a run to Brighton.

It speaks well for the make and metal of the ancient types that some of them did the journey from London with the weight of a quarter of a century and more upon them.

Not the oldest cycles were there. Many are in museums or have followed better models to the scrap heap. We believe one of the first mechanically-propelled bicycles ever seen on British roads was one made by Mr. Edward Crips of Sidcup. Long before a real motor-cycle had been invented he attached a tiny petrol engine to an ordinary pedal bicycle and on it scoured the roads of Kent.

Nonsense About Names

People thought him as dangerous a madman as their forefathers had thought William Murdock and Richard Trevithick when those old pioneers took the highways of the West with the first of steam locomotives.

The revival from oblivion of these old types always tempts writers who know little of the subject to give comic names to the machines, with the assurance that such titles were used when the cycles were in the heyday of their career. As a rule the names are nonsense and never existed at the dates assigned to them.

Whenever the old high bicycles are brought out, put on the road or track, and illustrated in the newspapers, we are told that their name was the Penny Farthing, because they had a big wheel in front and a small one at the rear.

But was such a name ever heard of until twenty or more years after this type of machine had become obsolete? Their owners, we believe, would no more have given them comical names than owners of cars would speak of a Rolls as an old bus or a flivver.

The Coming of the Safeties

The first wooden-wheeled type was followed by the velocipede; and then came the bicycle, which would be spoken of as a 60-inch Humber or a 62 Singer, or whatever the make might be. The figure gave the diameter of the front wheel. To distinguish it from a track-racing machine it might be described as a roadster—nothing else.

The only change came with the introduction of the modern low bicycle. That was called a Safety because if one fell from it the height of the fall did not hurt the rider. There were various makes, one with a front wheel about twice the size of the back wheel, and there were cross frames and diamond frames. All had solid rubber tyres and jarred the wrists and hands most horribly on the old cobbled roads.

Grouped now in two main divisions, the machines were known as Ordinaries and Safeties. The newer ones were scorned by the old fearless riders of the tall machines, but there were no nicknames; those have waited for the inventive minds of later writers. There never were Penny Farthings till long after the machines had gone out of use.

50 Years of Good Work

Commissioner Kitching, of the Salvation Army, who died on arriving in Paris the other day, had served the Army loyally for nearly 50 years.

THE BEAUTY ALL AROUND US

Grandeur of Our Coasts PROPOSAL TO THE NATIONAL PARKS COMMITTEE

We hope that the devoted lovers of our country's typical forms of beauty will not weaken their appeals for preservation by any division of forces. No good will be done by pulling too many ways at once.

We are glad to see that the claims of the finest parts of our wild sea-coasts for national protection are now being advanced. There are stretches of coastal grandeur and beauty that are as typical of the island as the most intimate loveliness to be found inside it.

'Britannia's Bulwarks

It is Dr. Vaughan Cornish, the well-known geographer, who is stating the claim for our island walls before the National Parks Committee which the Government is using to consider the whole question. But Dr. Cornish is credited with saying that "a sea-cliff park is the *only kind* of park which can truly preserve the island characteristics of the English race."

Is that the wisest way of presenting the case? Nobody who knows the stretches of coast in South Wales and Cornwall which Dr. Cornish is scheduling will deny that the North Pembroke coast between Fishguard Bay and St. Bride's Bay, and the South Pembroke coast between Linney Head and Caldy Island, and the Cornish coast between Cambeak and Trevoze Head, and also the Land's End peninsula, all cry out for preservation for ever as examples of Britannia's bulwarks. No one knows Great Britain who does not know its coasts, and especially its defiant coasts, perhaps least visited. But even for them there should be no exclusive claim as the "only kind of park."

What We Must Have

The beauties of Britain are manifold. Let it be freely admitted, with no unnatural rivalries. We must have parks of widely varied kinds if they are to preserve the essential characteristics of this island, and its island characteristics are not *only* represented by its rock-bound coasts.

The proposals to be made by Dr. Cornish would preserve about 40 miles of coast to a depth inland of two miles. That is quite enough. It is but rarely that the coastal feeling persists as far inland. That the coasts in these places should be nationalised, with rights of reasonable access, is just as desirable as control over Snowdonia, the Scafell group, Dovedale, or the Forest of Dean, but it is not more desirable, nor are they more characteristic.

THE SCOUTS ARE GROWING

From announcements made at the annual meeting of the Council of the Boy Scouts it appears that membership of the Scout Movement is greatly on the increase, the total number in the British Empire now being 690,586.

Great Britain and Ireland have a membership of 397,648, an increase of 27,392, and British Scouts overseas total 290,977. There are 46,559 officers and 2782 commissioners, increases of 4540 and 161. In countries recognised by the International Committee the number of Scouts definitely registered has increased by 122,212, the total now being 1,997,772.

Among younger boys, too, the Scout Movement is increasing in popularity, for in the United Kingdom we have 143,841 Wolf Cubs compared with 123,841 the previous year, and United Kingdom Scouts increased by 24,000, the total now being 213,630.

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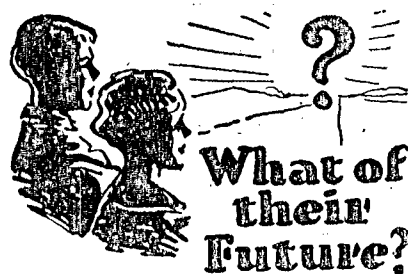
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For would you be healthy and strong,
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But wash without Wright's you'll be wrong.

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OUTSIDE PRINTED WRAPPER from WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP, sold everywhere at 6d. per tablet. The decision of the Managing Director will be final. No correspondence can be entertained. Last day for receiving replies March 31st, 1930. The results will be announced in the "Daily Mail" April 26th.

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LIVING IN THE SUNSHINE
OF GOOD HEALTHMother's friend in
time of trouble

Mrs. L. Mills, Hampton House, Moor-green, Westend, Southampton, writes: "When my little boy was a few months old he had a chill and jaundice. After finding castor oil too drastic I decided to try California Syrup of Figs and was delighted with the results. Before he was three he had measles, mumps and chicken-pox, but each case was slight for which I thank California Syrup of Figs. Last year he had violent convulsions and pneumonia set in and the doctor gave very little hope of him. I told him I was using California Syrup of Figs, and he remarked, 'Give it him daily, it is a good laxative.' It never failed during the whole six weeks he was in bed, and he got steadily better each day. He is three years and ten months and a fine strong boy. My little girl has had California Syrup of Figs from two months old and is a very bonny child."

MOTHER! Irregularity is a child's worst foe, because it undermines the health during the vital time of growth. Spare your child this grave drawback. Give "California Syrup of Figs" to ensure healthy, daily action and allow body, brain and disposition to develop and expand without hindrance. Get a bottle to-day. 1/3 and 2/6 of all chemists. Emphasise "California," and no mistake will be made.

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A LIFE OF THE WEEK
Wonderful Michael
Angelo

On March 6, 1475, Michael Angelo was born.

For cleverness and the sense of power Michael Angelo was probably the greatest artist who has ever lived.

He was famous as painter, sculptor, architect, and engineer, and he was also a poet of distinction. A strong claim might have been made for his being the greatest man of modern history were it not that he had less command of his temper than of his wonderful gifts. Though he could act nobly, he was subject to fits of jealousy and passion.

Like so many fine Italians he was a Florentine. His father was a lawyer of good descent, proud and poor, and disliked the idea of his son being anything so common as an artist working with his hands. But Michael Angelo had been brought up by a woman whose husband was a stone-cutter in the marble quarries, and very early in his life he made up his mind to be a sculptor.

He was attracted to the famous Florentine artist Ghirlandaio; but his master soon found that his pupil was excelling him. It was while he was still in his teens that he met someone as hot-tempered as himself, a fellow-student who answered his cutting sarcasm by striking him with a wooden mallet and leaving him disfigured for life by a broken nose. His handsome form, but for the crushed nose, was a true symbol of his genius, blurred by violent temper.

Great Designs Begun and Left

The stormy life of this impetuous man was spent chiefly between the three cities of Florence, Bologna, and Rome, dealing with people who were as impulsive as himself, more autocratic, and who had greater power. These were the Medici family in Florence and a succession of Popes in Rome, all of whom were fully determined to use Michael Angelo's gifts, not as he wished, to express his artistic instincts, but in order to glorify themselves.

The result of this clashing of wills and plans was that we have from Michael Angelo's genius chiefly a succession of fragments of sculpture, painting, and great designs begun and left. The only finished works are those which he laboured at through weary years, with the greatest reluctance, to fulfil contracts which he had never desired to undertake.

To add to the confusion, the painter's jealousy of other great artists—Leonardo da Vinci and Raphael, for example—led him to undertake work he was unlikely to be able to complete.

So his life was passed in the midst of vast plans mostly unfulfilled.

His Lasting Fame

Yet by the force of the fragments of his work he has won lasting fame, as much as by the painted ceiling of the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican and the Last Judgment in the same room, which are his greatest labours in a single place. The ceiling took him four and a half years to complete while he lay on his back at a lofty height.

His sculptures include a great David and a stern Moses, which shows much of the artist's spirit. In architecture he took a part in designing the world's greatest cathedral, St. Peter's in Rome.

Michael Angelo lived into his eighty-ninth year, and when he died on February 18, 1564, Rome felt she had lost a man of heroic spirit and achievement.



Michael Angelo

THE SHADOW A Serial Story by
Gunby Hadath

What Has Happened Before

Great danger threatens the life of Colonel Grevel, the owner of the old house on the moor where Peter is staying with his tutor.

Bit by bit, and with Peter's help, the Colonel's friend, Major Christopher Ferne, unravels the mystery that surrounds them.

CHAPTER 45

The Man Who Appeared

PETER's first response was a mystified stare. Then he said, "Can I whistle? Yes, I think so."

"Whistle this after me."

With which Don Rafael whistled a few notes of an odd lilt, making Peter repeat them again and again. Then, "That will do! Now you've got it. You know the moor, don't you? Go as fast as you can to the Devil's Chimney. At its bottom there's a deep hollow."

"Yes, I know!" exclaimed Peter.

"Climb down to the hollow, then whistle that tune. Whistle it and listen. The same notes will answer. When they cease whistle again, more softly. And wait. A man will appear."

"In the hollow?"

"No. From the rocks above your head. He'll scramble down to you and you'll tell him I've sent you."

"And then?"

"And then," said Don Rafael, who, heavy with thought, was raging again to and fro, "why, then, you must do exactly what that man bids you. Stay! You'll tell him that I think we shall have need of you." He came to a halt and ran his eyes over Peter. "Aye, that may serve," he uttered next to himself. And to Major Chris, "Is the lad staunch? Can we rely on him?"

"Every bit of the way," replied Major Chris.

"Then while he is gone I'll make ready. You will lend me your pistol? It is the weapon of a very brave man," said Don Rafael.

The revolver changed hands, and as the Sixth Swordsman took it he flung back his head and pressed the butt to his lips. "Bear me witness!" he cried in his great ringing voice. "Bear me witness, for on this brave man's weapon I swear it! If they have harmed any friend, or done hurt to his daughter, I will have their lives in exchange or they shall have mine. So long as I have breath their lives shall be forfeit."

Then he strode to Peter. "Go!" he bade.

And without another word Peter rushed out and left them. He ran desperately yet unable to outstrip his fears which insisted that a rescue would come too late. Yet Peter knew that it was not for him to question. He had his part to play. He thrilled. He counted back to himself as he sped every word which had fallen from the Sixth Swordsman, every gesture of that noble and masterful figure; he thrilled that he himself was deemed worthy to stand with him.

Thus he came to the Devil's Chimney and began to climb, recalling how Charity had shown him the way and thinking how little either of them had imagined what desperate errand lay in store for him here. He scaled the needles of rock, threaded perilous shelves where a slip would have dashed him to almost certain destruction, till he reached the projection whence he could scramble down to the boulders which strewed the saucer-shaped bottom before it curved up again.

Safely descended, he paused to recover his breath. The air was very still. He had seen and heard no one. Then he filled his lungs and whistled Don Rafael's odd lilt.

There was no response. He waited, shielding his eyes to scan the surrounding rocks. A lizard darted out from the stones at his feet, but of other stir or sign of life there was none. And yet he felt all the time that someone was watching him. His heart beat faster, and he whistled again.

He listened intently, standing there in the silence, listened till the moor's brooding murmur assailed him. Until, just as his dread of the moor and its voices was returning in a rush, anxiety was broken by a new sound, the sound of his whistle repeated from somewhere above.

As soon as it ceased he remembered Don Rafael's instructions and uttered the notes once more in a more cautious cadence. At once a little splutter of pebbles responded and amid the rocks overhead a man came to sight.

The man was stationed with his back to the rock-wall, and might almost have been a part of the rocks, so motionless he was and so much of its colour. But when he detached himself and began to descend his figure took an outline strangely familiar.

Peter stared, and started; stared again, wondering. It was Guymer.

And yet how much changed from the hungry faced tramp he had met on the moor and how much changed from the slouching and sullen under-gardener! This was altogether a different Guymer. As he reached Peter's side and briskly demanded what brought him, gone were the hesitation, the furtive secretive look, the mumble of mouth; even the man's thick body seemed to reshape itself, so much was it bristling with energy.

Indeed, Peter had never seen this Guymer before, and by his manner disclosed his astonishment. The swarthy man uttered a laugh and gripped Peter's hand.

"Well, we're working together at last!" he said. "Sure, that's fine."

"Why, your voice is changed, too!" exclaimed Peter.

Again the man laughed. "Aye," he answered, "Scharner's not the only one who was playing a part." Then his fists clenched. "Scharner's gone, of course?" he asked quickly.

"Yes. Last night," growled Peter.

"The fool I was not to tumble to him at once!" He broke off with a gesture of impatience. "But come!" he demanded. "We've no time to lose. Tell me all."

So Peter repeated how Colonel Grevel was gone and how Don Rafael had sent him off with the signal. "And I've got to place myself under your orders," he ended.

"The Don says, does he, that I've to bring you along. He has got a part for you, has he? Then we'd better be stirring." As he spoke Guymer led the way between the boulders, but to Peter's new amazement did not begin to climb up again. Instead, he stopped at the base of the opposite rocks where the other side of the chimney rose in a spire; then, stooping over a boulder as large as a man, he heaved it up with a strength that was almost incredible and, lifting it out of their road, revealed a dark cavity.

"In the old times," he said, as he dove inside, Peter behind him, "they used to quarry for granite here, and this is one of their galleries. You can call it a shaft or a tunnel, but I've got a better name."

"What's that?" Peter asked in the darkness.

"Home Sweet Home!" Guymer uttered with a grim chuckle, as he drew a torch from his pocket and flashed it in front of him.

Peter saw then that the tunnel extended some distance, and that it was broadening and cut by another one. Into this Guymer turned. "Home, Sweet Home!" he repeated. "See, master!" The new passage had opened out widely. "We're deep underneath the moor now."

So saying he made a quick movement and lights sprang to life.

CHAPTER 46

On the Way

PETER blinked his eyes in the glare; he was dazzled. Bewildered too, for immediately he could look round he discovered that they were standing in a rock chamber, spacious, and roughly furnished for habitation, with evidence on all sides that it was occupied.

"Home, Sweet Home!" his strange companion repeated, pointing to his electric switches and wiring and battery. "Fixed it all up by myself," he said, with a nod. "Don Rafael wouldn't burrow in gloom like a mole."

"Have you sheltered him here?" exclaimed Peter.

"That I have, for he had to go carefully. He wouldn't have been safe in Torridge with them swarming round him."

"Them?" questioned Peter.

Guymer was darting here and there, snatching things up; cartridges, a rope, a sheathed knife. "The South American scum," he flung over his shoulder. "Dagoes! young master. Why, bless you, if Major Ferne didn't take me for a Dago, me who's as English as any man on this moor."

"You've been in South America?" Peter said next.

"Fought over every yard of it!"

Guymer turned rapidly. "Come!" he cried. "I'm ready."

But Peter stood rooted. He was staring at a number of large wicker cages resembling bird cages which stood in one corner. Bird cages in this rock chamber! Whatever were they doing here?

He was about to ask when Guymer switched off the light, and, taking him by the arm, led him out of the chamber and back to where the cross-cut branched to

Continued on page 14

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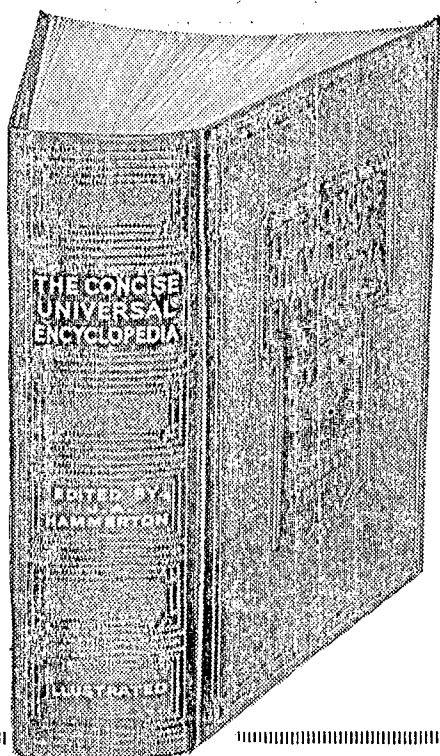
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AIR STAMPS

On March 1 the first number of my new price-list "The Weekly Air Mail" will appear. Ask for free copy. If you send 9d. in stamps, I will add a set of 4 obsolete Danzig air stamps (1, 1/2, 2, 5 million marks) and a German cover, flown in 1923, with obsolete stamps, and air postmark. John S. Davis, 71 Rodney St., Liverpool (Dept. CN)

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HENRY TURNER, 110, Barnett Road, HOLLINGBURY, Brighton, Sussex.

Continued from page 12

the right. Then, "Single file now," he directed, splaying his torch. "We're not going back to the Chimney. It's you for a ride now." And again the queer being emitted his amused chuckle.

Peter felt drawn to him. As they threaded the underground galleries, long disused but still as sound as the rock they were hewn in and ventilated, as the large chamber had been, by air-shafts that the passage of time had not choked, he wondered how he ever could have suspected him or been afraid of him or considered him treacherous.

"Oh, I do wish," he stammered, "I'd known before who you were!"

"That's as may be," laughed Guymer. "See! There's the sky!" He pointed. A little patch of blue was discernible through a heavy tangle of fern and bracken that now strangely roofed them. Mounting, they reached the bracken and wormed themselves through, when, looking back, Peter sensed that they must have made use of an air-shaft which had brought them to one of the several deep pits on the moor.

Motioning him to silence, Guymer led on. They came out of the pit, and the next thing which Peter set eyes upon was a solitary and regal pillar of stone. The Tor Stone! There it stood in its majestic vigil, warding the moor as it had watched on the day when the King and the Grevel went hawking, hundreds of years back. Peter thrilled anew to behold it, holding his breath and wondering if it had ever witnessed two mortals emerge from the depths of the earth on a quest strange as theirs.

"Now, quickly!" breathed Guymer.

He led the way past the Tor Stone and thence, without pausing, to a narrow track below which wound like a ribbon. Peter soon lost their direction, so much this track wound, but he sensed that his companion knew every inch. And as they went the other opened out more.

"Once we mended a barrow together, young master," he laughed, "and I meant to drop you a hint against Mrs. Mandeverell. But the chance was lost and I couldn't try it again."

"Oh, why didn't you?" Peter insisted.

"Because the Colonel, my master, wouldn't allow it. For one thing, he didn't

Continued in the last column

JACKO WARMS THINGS UP

ADOLPHUS came down to breakfast one day looking the picture of misery.

"You look cheerful, I must say!" declared his father. "What's the matter with you?"

"Cold in my head," growled Adolphus. "And I've been awake half the night with toothache," he added.

"Poor lad!" said his mother. "As soon as you've had your breakfast, dear, you'd better go back to bed. I'll get you a nice hot-water bottle directly. No, Jacko! Put that egg back. Two

"Yes, it is hot," said his mother. "Hold it by the handle."

Jacko went upstairs feeling distinctly injured. "Why couldn't the lazy beggar bring it up himself?" he muttered, staring angrily at his brother's bed.

"Miaow!" cried something at his side.

"Hallo, puss!" said Jacko. "Followed me up, did you?"

And suddenly an idea came into his head. Grinning cheerfully, he caught up the cat and pushed it well down under the bed clothes.



Adolphus jumped out as if he'd been shot

eggs and a sausage should be enough for anybody's breakfast."

"I should say so," agreed his father. "Enough for a navvy!"

"Now, be a good lad," coaxed Mother Jacko. "I'm going to be busy today, and I want you to help me."

Sure enough, not long after, he was called in from the scullery, where he was teasing the cat, to carry a hot-water bottle up to his brother's room.

Jacko snatched at the bottle—and dropped it with a yell!

"You'll be nice and snug, Adolphus!" he sang out, as his brother came into the room. "I've brought you a top-hole foot warmer."

And then he stepped outside and waited for the fun.

He hadn't long to wait. Poor Adolphus jumped into bed—and out again as if he'd been shot!.....

It wasn't Pussy's fault that her claws were so sharp. But that wasn't what Father said when Jacko ran into his arms at the bottom of the stairs.

share my suspicions of Mrs. Mandeverell. For another thing, he didn't want you upset. But if he had been guided by me—

"You knew Colonel Grevel before—"

began Peter, and hesitated.

"Before you picked me up on the moor? That I did!"

"But he passed you off as a stranger!"

"As a stray tramp down at heels and looking for work. Aye, and for two good reasons," said Guymer at once. "Reason one: because he didn't want his good lady alarmed."

"Oh, how could it alarm Mrs. Grevel?" urged Peter.

His companion looked at him queerly and strode on in silence. "Well, supposing," he uttered presently, breaking that silence, "that long ago I'd fought side by side with the Colonel and that he had told his good lady where we had fought—I say, supposing that, master, she might have been more afraid fresh trouble was brewing."

"Then Peter cried out: 'Oh, I know who you are!' he cried, glowing. 'You were Colonel Grevel's servant in the War of The Seven Swordsmen! You're the man who carried him off from the storming of Pedros el Dios and nursed him back to life! Oh, I have longed to see you!' His voice was thrilling with intense eagerness.

The other gave him a nod.

"Aye, you've got it," he uttered. "And so you've got the Colonel's second good reason for passing me off as a stranger. Otherwise those who were after him would have spotted me and I'd have been of little use to him if they had known who I was. They'd have done for me, as they did for Odin, I reckon."

A new thought struck Peter. "But is your name really Guymer? I mean, it doesn't sound English, and you say you're English."

"As English as any moorman," Guymer reiterated. "What's in a name? You can call me Smith if you like." He chuckled again.

"Then when we came across you on the moor," Peter said, with a new thought, "you were on your way to find Colonel Grevel to help him?"

"To warn him—and to stand by him."

"But how did you know that people were after his life?"

TO BE CONTINUED

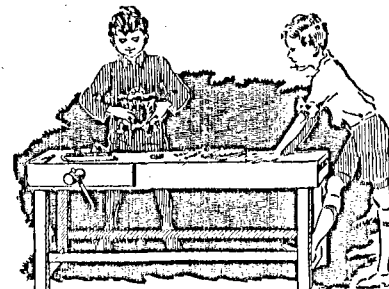
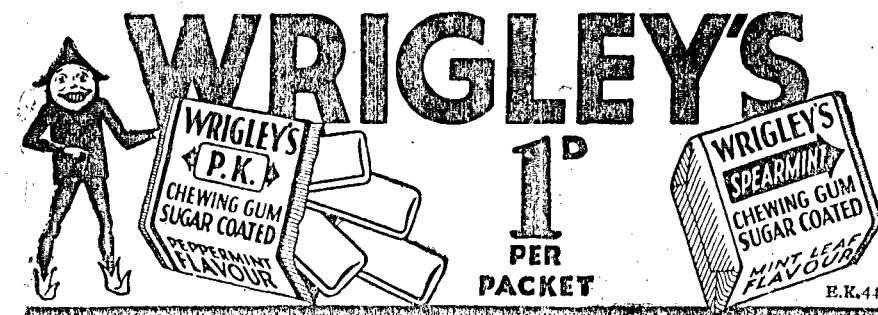
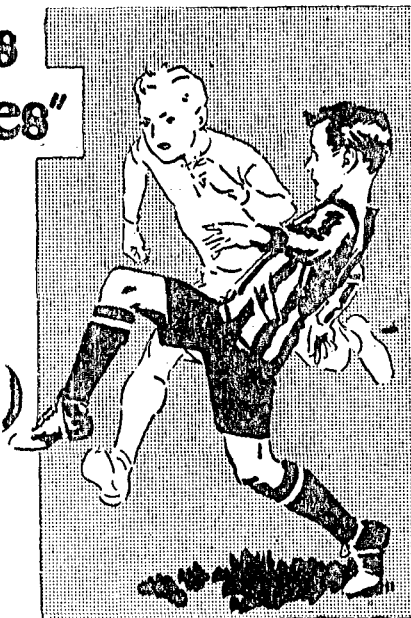
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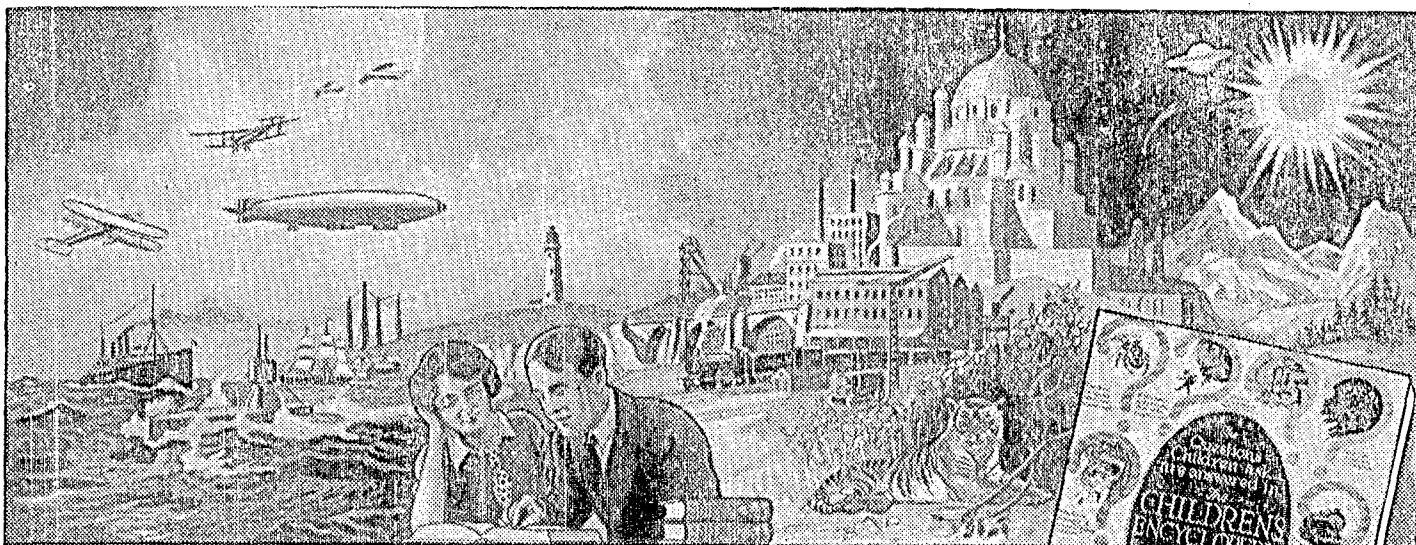
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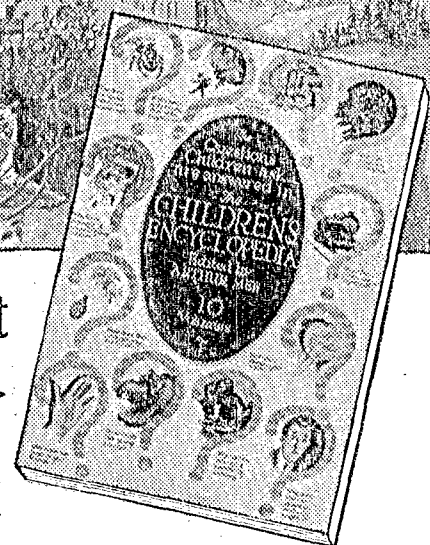


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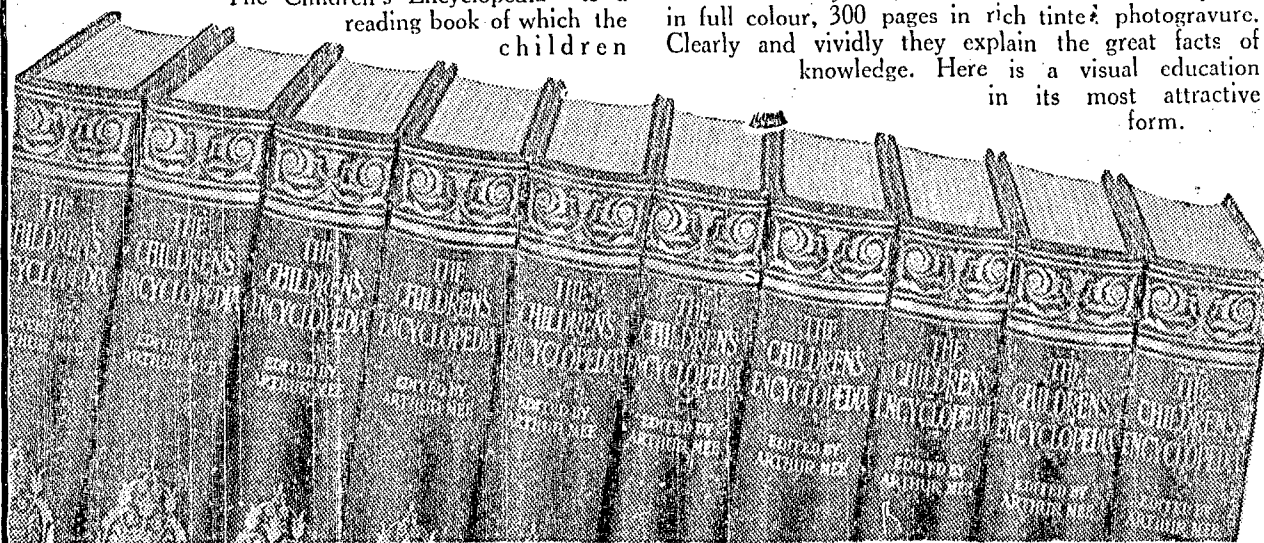
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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

March 1, 1930

Every Thursday, 2d.

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s. 6d. a year. (Canada 14s.)

THE BRAN TUB

How Many Scholars?

A SCHOOLMASTER was asked how many pupils he had. He replied:

"There are twice as many boys as there are girls. If I had as many girls as I have boys and twenty more besides I should have 260 pupils."

How many boys and how many girls were there? *Answer next week*

To All Who Visit Oxshott Heath

YE who visit Oxshott Heath, I would fain remind you, Orange peel and paper must Not be left behind you.

As we range these beauty spots Nothing's more unsightly Than the litter careless folk Strew about so lightly.

Whosoever sins in this, Heedless of these verses, Surely brings upon himself Many bitter curses.

Ici On Parle Français



Un biscuit Un évêque Une lame
Gardons un biscuit pour le chien.
L'évêque a la crose et la mitre.
La lame n'est pas bien aiguisée.

What Is It?

WHAT is it that comes with the motor-car, goes with the motor-car, is of no use whatever to the motor-car, and yet the motor-car cannot go without? *Answer next week*

Do You Live at Shrewsbury?

THE meaning of this name is scrobbes byrg or the burgh or castle among the shrubs. The town has evidently grown up round what was formerly a castle in a district covered with shrubs and bushes.

Diagonal Acrostic

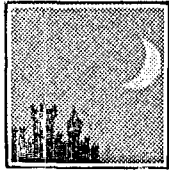
FILL in the letters to make the words described. When this has been done correctly the central diagonal line, represented by noughts, makes the name of a modern poet.

O***** Large medal
*O***** Traveller
O*** Confidence
O** Pierce into
****O***** Inexpressible
*****O***** Small pieces
*****O***** Skin for writing on.
*****O***** Usually
*****O***** Secretly

Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Saturn is in the South-East. In the evening Jupiter is in the South and Neptune is in the South-East. Our picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 p.m. on March 5.



Word Square

THE following six clues indicate six words which when placed one below the other will form a square of words.

Recompenses. A servant. Assist. Take small bites. American coin. Derivative words.

Answer next week

An Enigma

BY Nature's law to me is given The greatest power under heaven.

The proudest monarchs I confine, Who silently themselves resign, And own obedience by a nod To me, their more than demi-god.

So universal is my sway That high and low my laws obey. If more of me you wish to know Inquire not of the sons of woe, But of the weary and the gay, Who to me their homage pay; Though, while they in my power remain Should you inquire twill be in vain.

Answer next week

Sayings Shakespeare Made

THE better part of valour is discretion. *Henry IV, Part I.*
When shall we three meet again? *Macbeth, I. i.*
For this relief much thanks. *Hamlet, I. i.*

What's in a name? That which we call a rose, by any other name would smell as sweet.

Romeo and Juliet, II. 2.

The Largest Animal

THE largest animal in the world is the sulphur-bottom whale, some specimens of which are over a hundred feet in length and weigh nearly a hundred tons. It is the largest and heaviest creature that has ever been known to exist. Even the prehistoric reptiles such as the Diplodocus weighed only fifty tons.

A most interesting article on the relative sizes of animals appears in the March issue of My Magazine, now on sale.

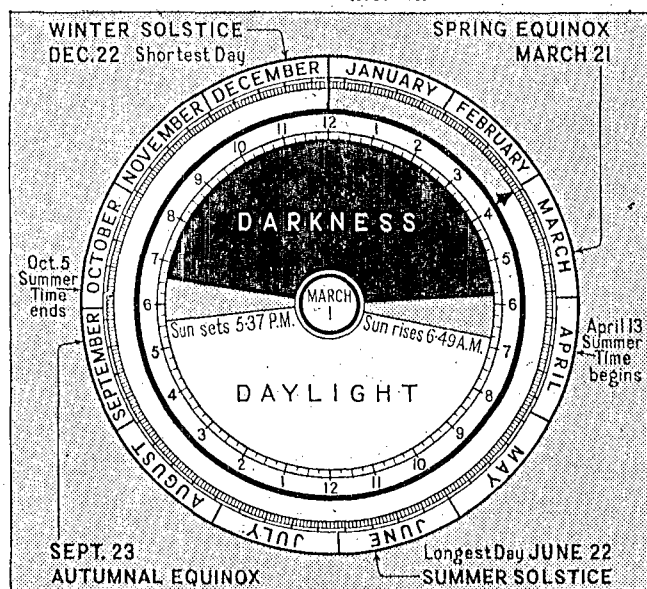
LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

John's Age, 13. Picture Puzzle
What Is This? waGOn, stOve,
The shades of chuRN, sMell,
night were tENT—Govern-
falling fast. ment

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle.

E	C	R	E	T	S	H	I	A	M	B	E	R
D	E	E	D	S	C	I	E	N	C	E	M	A
I	T	S	A	P	E	S	E	A	T	T	A	I
T	E	C	A	N	O	N	S	T	A	N	T	
N	U	N	A	T	I	L	L	S				
W	E	E	V	I	L	S	A	V	E	W	O	E
A	A	I	N	S	P	I	R	E	S	E	R	E
S	T	A	L	K	A	T	E	B	O	R	E	D

The C.N. Calendar



THIS calendar shows darkness, daylight, and twilight on March 1. The daylight grows longer every day. The arrow indicating the date shows at a glance how much of the year has elapsed.

Dr MERRYMAN

A Litter Lout's Victim

JACK: Did you hear that when old Robinson returned from abroad he fell on his face and kissed the ground of his home town?

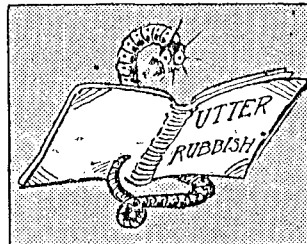
Tom: Emotion?

Jack: No; banana skin.

True

A LADY, newly arrived in India, lay awake at nights expecting the dreaded mosquitoes. When the jackals began to hoot she exclaimed "There they are!"

The Biter Bitten



OF course a Bookworm doesn't look

Like this a tiny bit (Our artist has a careless mind, And draws as he thinks fit). But, anyhow, *this* Bookworm gave A yawn, and thus spoke he: "Quite often I have bored a book, But now a book bores me!"

Misunderstood

TRAMP: Won't you give me a copper for a cup of tea, sir? Man (in a hurry): No, thank you; I don't drink tea.

A Tactless Remark

THE secretary of a local literary society handed a cheque to a lecturer from London who had just addressed the society.

"I should prefer you to give the money to some charity," said the lecturer.

"That is very good of you, sir," said the secretary. "Would you mind if we place it to the account of our special fund?"

"By all means do so; but what is the fund for?"

"To enable us to secure better lecturers," said the secretary.

Putting It Gently

LITTLE Billy was asked what he would like for his fourth birthday.

"A piece of string, please, Mummie," he said.

"A piece of string?" queried his mother, wondering if she had heard aright.

"Yes, Mummie," said Billy, "with a nice engine tied to it."

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FIVE-MINUTE STORY

DAME ALICE was walking in the water-meadows.

The sun was hot, the lady portly, so she had commanded Henry the fool to go before her to gather the purple and golden flags that flaunted so bravely by the boggy pools. As they walked a rough yellow mongrel streaked past them with a kettle tied to its tail.

"Cruel children belike!" said Dame Alice. "Sirrah, catch me that dog, and let its misery be ended."

Not without difficulty, the jester caught the fugitive and relieved it of its burden.

"A bag of bones, mistress," said he. "As well end its woes altogether in the river."

Dame Alice looked down at the poor, wretched, panting

creature, that rolled up its beseeching brown eyes at her.

"Tilly vally!" said she. "Carry him home, Henry."

In the garden of the beautiful house in the village of Chelsea the stray dog found friends and comfort. But he made no mistake as to whom he owed his good fortune. It was not the fool who fed him, nor the children who petted him, that he followed, but the formidable mistress of the house. He was about her path all day.

It was evening, the master of the house had climbed to the leads of the gatehouse to watch the evening star when his meditations were disturbed by a great hubbub below, the chiding of angry women, the barking of dogs. He called the

fool Henry to him, to learn what the commotion was.

"Lord, it is a beggar-woman who has come to the door," said the jester, "and saith that your lady hath stolen her dog."

"I must descend," said the master of the house.

With his gown avry as usual, and his right shoulder thrust forward in the student's stoop, Sir Thomas More entered his hall.

"What is all this coil, Dame?" said he to his wife.

"This woman claims my dog," replied she. "But I shall not part with him. Of all the beasts we nourish here he loves me best."

"Shall not justice be done in the Chancellor's house?" said Sir Thomas More.

THE CHANCELLOR'S JUDGMENT

He took the seat in the midst of the hall and set the dog on his knee.

"Take your stand at the head of the hall, as becomes your degree," said he to Lady More. "And do you, woman, stand at the lower end. Now, both call the dog at the same moment."

They did so, and Sir Thomas let him go.

To whom did the faithful creature rush, like an arrow from the bow? To the kind, sleek mistress in whose house he had fed from the fleshpots? No; he ran straight to his first owner, with whom he had starved and tramped the roads.

Lady More plucked out her purse. "Name his worth," said she, "and I will give thee thrice the sum."